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HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

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SEMINARY

Evangelical Lutheran Church.

BY AUTHORITY OF

THE MINISTERIUM OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Evangelical Lutheran
Ministerium of Pennsylvania
and adjacent states

PHILADELPHIA:

JAS. B. RODGERS, PR., 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, at its Annual Meeting in 1863, appointed a Committee with instructions to prepare a Church-Book which should contain such portions of its Liturgy as are necessary for the regular Sunday services, Luther's Small Catechism, the Augsburg Confession, and an ample Selection of Hymns, with special reference to the doctrine and usages of our Church. The present Collection of Hymns has been prepared by the Committee in the partial discharge of the duty assigned them. In order that the Collection might receive the most careful revision before it should be issued in permanent form, the Synod instructed the Committee to have a small number of copies printed for examination by the members of Synod, and by others who might feel an interest in the matter.

While the special occasion for the preparation of the present Collection was found in the wants of the Congregations connected with the Synod of Pennsylvania, it was believed that many others would concur in the judgment of that Synod, "that there is no English Hymn Book now in use in the

Church, which fully satisfies the wants of our Congregations." The Synod desires to secure the co-operation of such as are thus minded in the revision of this Collection. The Committee has endeavored to make a thorough and careful examination of all the treasures of English hymnology, original and translated, in order to select the hymns of highest literary excellence, restricted by a positive rule that no hymn should be admitted which is in conflict with the doctrine, spirit, or usages of the Lutheran Church. In order that the highest attainable excellence with regard to both these points may be secured, the Committee invite the co-operation and criticisms of those persons in any part of our Church who agree in spirit with them. Suggestions relative to any feature or portion of the book will be gladly received and fully considered.

The translations of German Hymns seem to demand especial examination. The preference has always been given to translations in the measure of the original, when of equal literary merit with others; but of a number of hymns included in this Collection, no satisfactory translation retaining the original measure could be found. Indeed, the extent to which the structure and genius of the English language allow the adoption of the varied and peculiar verse measures of German hymns is an interesting question. It is probable that our Lutheran Congregations, familiar with the German

chorals, can use a larger number of translations than would be possible to others, and thus introduce them into more general use. The Committee hope that they may be favored with the opinion of those interested in this subject.

The date which accompanies the author's name, appended to each hymn, indicates the year in which the hymn was written or first published, so far as known; except when the letter *d.* is prefixed to the numerals, pointing out the date of the author's death. The letter *a.* following a date, suggests that the original text has been more or less altered. When a hymn is of Greek, Latin, or German origin, the name of the English translator is given first, and that of the original author (when known) in a line below, prefixed by *Tr.*

Any communications with reference to the Book should be sent to the Rev. Frederic M. Bird, Darby Road near Locust St., West Philadelphia.

While this edition is intended chiefly for the use of members of the Pennsylvania Synod, and of others disposed to co-operate with us in the preparation, and use of the Book, a limited number of copies are for sale, and can be obtained by addressing Mr. Bird, as above.

September 23, 1865.

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H Y M N S.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

1 PSALM 100. *L. M.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy Love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

2 PSALM 146. *L. P. M.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker whilst I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor ;
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. *Watts. 1719. a.*

3

• PSALM 95.

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing !
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are His works, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

4

PSALM 147.

L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
 - 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His Name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
 - 3 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
 - 4 His saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And finds and loves His image there.
- Watts. 1719. a.*

5

PSALM 145.

C. M.

- 1 LONG as I live, I'll bless Thy Name,
God of eternal love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy Name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
 - 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.
 - 6 The world is managed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.
- Watts. 1719. a.

6

PSALM 145.

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds.
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

Watts. 1719.

7

Te Deum Laudamus.

L. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord.
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high :
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee !
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore !

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day ;
Have mercy, Lord ! we trust in Thee ;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be !

From Thomas Cotterill. 1810.

8

Nun danket alle Gott.

6, 7.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With grateful hearts and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His earth rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next.

WORSHIP.

- 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven;
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.

Tr. Martin Rinckart. 1636.

9

7s.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious Name adored.
Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear.
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to Thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious Name adored.

Unknown. 1778. a.

10

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery. 1825.

11

8, 7.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy Name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

WORSHIP.

- 4 For Thy Providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free Redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song!
- 6 From the highest throne in glory
To the Cross of deepest woe!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

Robert Robinson. 1778.

12

C M.

- 1 What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?
Sing, heaven and earth, rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.
- 2 O let me praise Thee while I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.
- 3 Mysterious depths of endless love,
Our admiration raise:
My God, Thy Name exalted is
Far above all our praise.

John Mason. 1683.

13

C. M.

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Thy Love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling Hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy Love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart shall rest on Thee!

Helen Maria Williams. 1788.

14

C. M.

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

WORSHIP.

4 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison. 1728.

15

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His Loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His Loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His Loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His Loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His Loving-kindness sing in death!

Samuel Medley. 1787.

16

7s.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man!
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou!
Jesus, in Thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with Thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee;
One supreme, eternal Three.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

17

10, 11.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

C. Wesley. 1745.

WORSHIP.

GENERAL PETITION.

18 *Gloria in Excelsis.* **C. M.**

1 To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will!
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still:

2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

3 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son:

4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!

6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

Unknown. 1703. a.

19 *Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ.* **L. M.**

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name:
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control:
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 7 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

John Chandler. 1837. a.

Tr. Ambrose. ab. 380.

20

Ziege Dich uns ohne Hülle.

7s.

- 1 Lord, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day!
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living Church be one.

WORSHIP.

2 O, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
May our cares and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace,
That Thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath home above!

3 Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there!
Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect Righteousness:
Then at length, a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

H. L. L. 1862.

Tr. Frederic Gottlieb Klopstock, ab. 1760.

21 *Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.* **8, 7.**

- 1 Here behold me, as I lay me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Sorrows thronging, childlike longing,
Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee!
Me, a poor and worthless thing.
- 2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine.
Let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and own me Thine!
- 3 Naught I ask for, naught I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free;
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,

WORSHIP.

Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious Blood:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgment Day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay.
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

James J. Cummins. 1849.

24

7s.

1 HOLY Jesus, in whose Name
Thou hast bid Thy servants claim
Of the Father's love, to grant
All the good they wish or want:
Trusting in Thy Name alone,
Draw we near Thy Father's throne.

2 Son of Man, to whom is given,
With the Majesty of Heaven,
Partner Thou of man's estate,
For mankind to mediate:
Hear us, when with Thee we plead
For Thy flock to intercede!

3 Saviour of the world, to Thee
Ever bows the Church her knee:
Thee, her only Advocate;
Thee, exalted to Thy state,
With the Holy Ghost, most high
In the Father's majesty.

Richard Mant. 1837.

25

C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

3 God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desire, with confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live :
- 5 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone :
- 6 Give these, and then Thy will be done.
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery. 1825.

26

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer :
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest !
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy Love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

GENERAL PETITION.

- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton. 1779.

27

8, 7.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious Blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. ab. 1650. a.

28

8, 7.

- 1 VISIT, Lord, Thy habitation!
Breathe Thy peace on all herein;
Peace, the foretaste of salvation;
Peace, the seal of pardoned sin.

WORSHIP.

Let Thy love-infusing Spirit
On each heart 'be shed abroad;
Raise us, by Thy boundless merit,
To become the sons of God.

- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart Thy home;
With Thy sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let Thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation;
Give our longing souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

From C. Wesley. 1749.

29

8, 7.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

GENERAL PETITION.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley. 1746. a.

30 *Te læta, Mundi Conditor* **C. M.**

- 1 MAKER of earth, to Thee alone
Eternal rest belongs;
And heavenly choirs around Thy throne
Pour forth their endless songs.
- 2 But we—ah, holy now no more!
Are doomed to toil and pain;
Yet exiles on an alien shore
May sing their country's strain.
- 3 Father, whose promise binds Thee still
To heal the suppliant throng,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so long!
- 4 And while we mourn, in faith to rest
Upon Thy Love and care;
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
The song of heaven to share!

John Mason Neale? 1850.

31

Alleluia, dulce Carmen.

8, 7.

- 1 Alleluia! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love.
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
- 3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offenees
We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication
Holy God, we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see!
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler. 1837.

THE LORD'S DAY.

32

7s.

- 1 Father, who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
Shine upon us now, we pray,
While within Thy courts we wait.
Wean us from the works of night,
Make us children of the light.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 Saviour, who this day didst break
From the bondage of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake;
Shine through all their sin and gloom;
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day with power from high;
Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
Be Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead us to the truth of God.

Unknown. 1859.

33 *L. M.*

1 This day the light, of heavenly birth,
First streamed upon the new-born earth:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day the Saviour left the grave,
And rose, omnipotent to save:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came,
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

William Walsham How. 1859. *a.*

34

C. M.

- 1 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising did thee raise ;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day must I for God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine ;
O let me spend it in Thy fear,
Then shall the day be mine.

John Mason. 1683. a.

35 *Licht von Licht, erleuchte mich.* 7,8,7.

- 1 Light of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning ;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest!
- 2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me ;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me.
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

- 3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.
- 4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me:
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.
- 6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy Love.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck. 1731.

36

78.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we're come, Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton. 1779. a.

37

L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose Love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 With joy God's wondrous works we view
In various scenes both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

From Joseph Stennett. 1732.

38

PSALM 118.

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours His own.
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise. *Watts. 1719.*

39

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley. 1740.

40

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our [long and gloomy] night!
- 2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy Love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All our [life's short earthly] day!

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Thou our only Life and Guide!
Never leave us nor forsake:
In Thy light may we abide
Till the endless morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
[Onward, upward,] homeward still!

H. L. L. 1853. *a.*

Tr. Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. 1684.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

41 PSALM 132. **C. M.**

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine. *Watts.* 1719. *a*

42 PSALM 84. **H. M.**

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy Love,
Thine earthly temples are!
- | | | |
|-------------------|--|-------------------|
| To Thine abode | | With warm desires |
| My heart aspires, | | To see my God. |

WORSHIP.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; | That love the way
And happy They | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!
Watts. 1719.

43 PSALM 122. C. M.

1 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

2 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.
Watts. 1719.

44 PSALM 92. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy Love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word.

3 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
 How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy. *Watts. 1719.*

45

L. M.

- 1 AWAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temples of Thy grace,
 We bow before Thee and adore;
 We view the glories of Thy face,
 And learn the wonders of Thy power.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
 United prayers ascend on high;
 And faith expects a sure return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father! my soul would here abide;
 Or, if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep me, Father, near Thy side,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

From Watts. 1709.

46

7s.

- 1 To Thy temple I repair:
 Lord, I love to worship there;
 When, within the veil, I meet
 Christ before the mercy seat.
- 2 I through Him am reconciled,
 I through Him become Thy child:
 Abba, Father! give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

- 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery. 1825. a.

47 *Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.* **7, 8, 8.**

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.
- 2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

- 3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
 Light of light, from God proceeding,
 Open Thou our ears and heart,
 Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading.
 Hear the cry Thy people raises,
 Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Tobias Clausnitzer. 1671.

48 *Angulare Fundamentum.* **H. M.**

- 1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone;

On Him alone we build;

With His true saints alone

The courts of heaven are filled:

On His great Love		Of present grace
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Our hopes we place,		And joys above.
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- 2 O then, with hymns of praise

These hallowed courts shall ring !

Our voices we will raise,

The Three in One to sing ;

And thus proclaim		Both loud and long,
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In joyful song,		That glorious Name.
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- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou

For evermore draw nigh ;

Accept each faithful vow,

And mark each suppliant sigh :

In copious shower,		Each holy day,
--------------------	--	----------------

On all who pray,		Thy blessing pour.
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- 4 Here may we gain from heaven

The grace which we implore,

And may that grace, once given,

Be with us evermore,

Until that day		To endless rest
----------------	--	-----------------

When all the blest		Are called away.
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WORSHIP.

5 Praise to the God of heaven,
 Praise to His only Son;
 And praise to Him be given
 Who joins them both in One;
 The Holy Dove, | For the blest seat
 Who makes us meet | Of God above.

John Chandler. 1837.

49

C.M.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of Thy salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy Word!
- 2 My Hope, my Portion, and my God,
 How little art Thou known
 By all the judgments of Thy rod,
 And blessings of Thy throne!
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power impart
 To give Thy Word success;
 Write Thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

Watts. 1709. a.

50

C.M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quickening beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive.
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air, .
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on Love divine.

Simon Browne. 1720. a.

51

C.M.

- 1 O Unity of Threefold Light,
Send out Thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
And turn it into day!
Make us those temples, pure and fair,
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles, where
Thou mayest vouchsafe to dwell!
- 2 The glorious hosts of peerless night
That ever see Thy face,
Thou makest mirrors of Thy light,
And vessels of Thy grace:
Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay:
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Though sung by lips of clay!
- 3 And yet Thyself they cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light
That hides Thee from the thrones below,
As in profoundest night:

WORSHIP.

How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to their King?
Thou only, while we praise Thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing!

John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

Tr. Metrophanes of Smyrna. ab. 910.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

52

C.M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred fold
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood. 1825.

53

H.M.

- 1 ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers,
Accept what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to Thy Word a blessing give.
- 3 O grant that each of us,
Who meet before Thee here,
May meet together thus,
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven our home;
Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!
John Newton. 1779.

54

8,7.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each, Thy Love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

Unknown. 1776. a.

55

Ach sei mit Deiner Gnade.

7, 6.

- 1 ABIDE with us, our Saviour,
Nor let Thy mercy cease;
From Satan's might defend us,
And grant our souls release.
- 2 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Sustain us by Thy Word;
That we with all Thy people
To life may be restored.
- 3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Thou Light of endless light;
Increase to us Thy blessings,
And save us by Thy might.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One in Three,
As was, and is forever,
All praise and glory be.

Unknown. 1848.

Tr. Charles Bernard Garve. 1827.

56

7s.

- 1 LORD, Thou art the Truth and Way:
Guide us, lest we go astray.
Lord, Thou art the Life: by Thee
May we gain eternity.
- 2 In ourselves we cannot trust;
Lord, remember we are dust!
Thou who all our frailty know'st,
Send Thou us Thy Holy Ghost!

Unknown. 1850. a.

From the Danish.

57

8, 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR! all my sins confessing,
Gracious hear me when I cry;
Give, through faith, the promised blessing,
Freely, fully *justify*.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

2 By Thy Holy Spirit's leading,
Bring me to Thy bosom nigh;
In Thy blessed footsteps treading,
Soul and body *sanctify*.

3 So, the days of conflict ended,
Into mansions of the sky,
Whither, Lord, Thou art ascended,
With Thyself, me *glorify*.

Thomas Haweis. 1808.

58 *After Evening Service.* *L. M. 6 l.*

1 O SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go,
Thy Word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

WORSHIP.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared.
Ah, never let our works be soiled
With self, or by deceit insnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call.
O let Thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!

Frederic W. Faber. 1852. a.

59

7s.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight ;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton. 1779.

60

8,7.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless Love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton. 1779.

G O D .

61

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons Three ;
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore :
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.
- 4 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above ;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The Almighty God is Love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout our universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all Thy works doth reign :
But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
Thy favorite creature, man.

- 7 Wherefore let every creature give
 To Thee the praise designed;
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind. *C. Wesley. 1766.*

62

C. M.

- 1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
 Our Father, God, and King!
 Thy sovereign greatness we record,
 Thy glorious power we sing.
- 2 By Thee the victory is given :
 The majesty divine,
 Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
 And all therein, are Thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,
 Who dost Thy right maintain,
 And, high on Thine eternal throne,
 O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
 Thou dost, and honor give;
 And kings their power and dignity
 Out of Thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
 Thy greatness to proclaim;
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise Thy glorious Name.
- 6 Thy glorious Name, Thy nature's powers,
 Thou hast to man made known;
 And all the Deity is ours,
 Through Thy incarnate Son.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

63

C. M.

- 1 THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise: but who am I?

HIS MAJESTY AND GREATNESS.

- 2 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire;
So shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
- 3 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy Knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
- 4 Thou art a Sea without a shore,
A Sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is every where.
- 5 How good art Thou, whose Goodness is
Our parent, nurse and guide;
Whose streams do water paradise,
And all the earth beside!
- 6 Thy hidden wonders, God of grace!
I humbly here adore;
Show me Thy Glory and Thy face,
That I may praise Thee more.

John Mason. 1683. a.

64

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present to Thy view.
 To Thee there's nothing old appears;
 To Thee there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares;
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
 How frail and weak are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee. *Watts. 1709. a.*

65

C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the Name
 Of our eternal King.
 Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Holy is He in all His works,
 And saints are His delight;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind
 Pay, O my soul, to God;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To His sublime abode.
- 4 Thou, righteous God! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free:
 The pure in heart are Thy delight,
 And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham. 1768.

66

PSALM 111.

C. M.

- 1 Songs of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God:
 He hath my heart, and He my tongue,
 To spread His Name abroad.

- 2 How great the works His Hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That His first thoughts designed.
- 4 When He redeemed the sons of men,
He fixed His covenant sure :
The orders that His lips pronounce
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time and earth and skies
Thy heavenly skill proclaim.
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy Name?
- 6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys Thy will.

Watts. 1719.

67 PSALM 139. *L. M.*

- 1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit Thy service and Thy love,
Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun,
Or from Thy dreadful glory run ?

4 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
 Thy hand can seize Thy foes as soon
 Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where're I rove, where're I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Watts. 1719.

From Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. 1696.

68

PSALM 139.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, all I am is known to Thee!
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun Thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of Thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within Thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

Watts. 1719. a.

69

PSALM 103.

S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His Name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with Love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son. *Watts. 1719. a.*

70

PSALM 103.

S. M.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And, when his wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving Love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

*Watts. 1719.***71****PSALM 145.*****C. M.***

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King !
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

HIS MERCY AND FAITHFULNESS.

- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy Name. *Watts. 1719.*

72

C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.
- 2 All nature owns His guardian care;
In Him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His Love.
- 3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms.
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its divinest forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to Thy almighty Love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

Anne Steele. 1760.

73

C. M.

- 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted Love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

GOD.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
 - 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth, to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 - 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
 - 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
 - 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.
- C. Wesley. 1762.*

74

8, 7.

- 1 God is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

CREATION.

75

10, 11.

- 1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His Name!
His mercies record, His bounties proclaim.
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on His
throne,
Yet here by His works their Author is known.
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show;
And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design.
O'er beast, bird, and insect, His Providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose Love still sustains.
- 4 And man, His last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed:
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Thomas Park. 1807.

76

L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison. 1728.

77

Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.

7s.

- 1 HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
All their Maker's praise declare:
Wake, my soul, away and sing,
Now thy grateful praises bring.
- 2 See the glorious orb of day
Breaking through the clouds his way:
Moon and stars with silvery light
Praise Him through the silent night.
- 3 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living, show His Hand.

CREATION.

4 See how through the boundless sky
Fresh and free the birds do fly;
Fire and wind and storm are still
Servants of His royal Will.

5 See the water's ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro:
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

6 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
To Thy sway all creatures bow:
Write Thou deeply in my heart
What I am, and what Thou art!

From Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Joachim Neander. 1677.

78

C. M.

1 THOU wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun;

Of Thine Eternity possessest
Before time's glass did run.

Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade:

Could'st Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made.

2 Great and good God, it pleasèd Thee
Thy Godhead to declare;

And what Thy goodness did decree,
Thy greatness did prepare:

Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
And answered to Thy call;

As if their Maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's all.

3 To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee,
The Maker of my tongue?

Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.

As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee,
From whom it had its birth.

- 4 But ah! I'm fallen on the night,
And cannot come to Thee:
Yet speak the word, "Let there be light;"
It shall enlighten me.
And let Thy Word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen creature raise;
O make me o'er again, and I
Shall sing my Maker's praise.

John Mason. 1683.

PROVIDENCE.

79

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
 - 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
 - 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
 - 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
 - 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 62

PROVIDENCE.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain.
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1779.

80

C. M.

- 1 THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy Love;
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will:
I bless Thee for the sight;
When will Thy Love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy Providence and Grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett. 1782.

81

PSALM 23.

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right way,
 For His most holy Name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear:
 Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise. *Watts. 1719.*

82

PSALM 23.

L. M. 6l.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1728.

83 PSALM 34. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name!
When in distress on Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
- 5 O, make but trial of His Love:
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

'Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. 1696. a.

84

C. M.

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord!
Thy mercy sets me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold on Thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And O, may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to Thee!

Joseph Addison. 1728. a.

85

C. M.

- 1 My God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure Defence,
For all my safety and my peace
I bless Thy Providence.
- 2 The daily favors of my God
I cannot sing at large:
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.
- 3 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

PROVIDENCE.

4 Naked I came into the world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved,
Yet have I lackèd nought.

5 I do not bless my laboring hand,
My laboring head, or chance;
Thy Providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

John Mason. 1683.

86

C. M.

1 LORD, what is man, that child of pride,
That boasts his high degree?
If one poor moment he be left,
He sinks, and where is he?

2 In Thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days;
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.

3 From Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be;
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

4 My God, Thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine:
As Thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever Thine.

5 Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose streams on me do flow;
Myself I render unto Thee.
To whom myself I owe.

6 As Thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathed into me;
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to Thee.

John Mason. 1683.

87

C. M.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine:
O let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy Love restrain.
- 3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis Thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.
- 4 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 5 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge. 1655. a.

88

C. M.

- 1 O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!
- 2 To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

89

C. M.

1 AND art Thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God,
Our God forever near?

2 Doth Thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt Thou lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

4 On Thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
If God be with us there.

5 While we His gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass
Shall echo with His praise.

Doddridge. 1755.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

90 *Christe, qui sedes Olympo. 10, 11.*

- 1 O LORD are the strains of the angels of light,
Who praise Him that reigns in glory and might:
May we too, combining our own feeble lays,
Now please him by joining their chorus of praise.
- 2 Blest spirits of light, how fair their abode!
They stand in the height before our great God;
Forevermore sharing His counsels of love,
His people preparing for regions above.
- 3 When sickness assails, they save us from fear:
When breath of life fails they still hover near;
And so when, life ended, our spirits take flight,
By them we're attended to mansions of light.
- 4 O praise Him who gave the Son of His Love;
And Him who to save came down from above;
And let equal praises the Spirit extol,
Who comforts and raises and strengthens the soul.

John Chandler. 1841. a.

91 *Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris. 8, 7, 7.*

- 1 JESUS, Brightness of the Father,
Life and Strength of all who live!
In the presence of the angels,
Glory to Thy name we give:
And Thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in harmonious verse.
- 2 Blessed Lord, by their protection,
Shelter us from harm this day:
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
Save us from the enemy:
And vouchsafe us, by Thy grace,
In Thy paradise a place.

- 3 Glory to the almighty Father,
Let our voices now repeat;
Glory to the great Redeemer;
Glory to the Paraclete;
Thrice in One, and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

Tr. Rabanus Morus. d. 856.

92

10s.

- 1 STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice holy, Lord!" ever and aye:
- 2 These are Thy counsellors; these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth! nearest Thy throne.
These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.
- 3 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts! battling for right:
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

Tr. Joseph of the Studium. ab. 850.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

93

L. M.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning Blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin ;
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

*Watts. 1709.***94*****C. M.***

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
'Tis Thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

S. M.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God;
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When Christ sustained the stroke!
 His Life and Blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and His breath
 Were taken both away;
 Joined with the wicked in His death,
 And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise His head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make Him see a numerous seed,
 To recompense His pain.
- 6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
 "A portion with the strong:
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold His honors long."

*Watts. 1709.***96***S. M.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a Life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that Life is love.
 There is a Death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that Death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 And evermore undone!
 Here would we end our quest:
 Alone are found in Thee
 The Life of perfect love,—the Rest
 Of immortality.

James Montgomery. 1825.

97

L. M.

- 1 IN vain would boasting reason find
 The path to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, Thy words alone impart
 Eternal life; on these I live;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the powers of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide;
 Thou art the true, the living Way:
 Let Thy good Spirit be my Guide
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,
 To shake my faith with treacherous art,
 I scorn as vanity and lies,
 And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

From Anne Steele. 1760.

98

C. M.

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Blest Saviour, nothing but Thy Blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 'Tis Thy atoning Sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from Thy hands.
- 3 'Tis by Thy Death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy Cross we rest :
Forever be Thy Love adored,
Thy Name forever blest.

Unknown.

99

C. M.

- 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been :
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love His Name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of His Death •
Who hung upon the Tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

REDEMPTION.

- 6 Raised from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face. *Watts.* 1709.

100

PSALM 136.

L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all His ways.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
- Watts.* 1719.

101

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe ;
We love and we adore :
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
Oh, the dear mysteries of His Cross !
The triumph of His groans !

Watts. 1709.

102

H. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full Atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His Blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' Love.
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley. 1755.

103

S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that Grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Doddridge. 1755.

104

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound !
'Tis music to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

REDEMPTION.

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Watts. 1709. a.

105

C. M.

- 1 O THAT I had an angel's tongue,
That I might loudly sing
The wonders of redeeming Love,
To Thee, my God and King !
- 2 Let the redeeméd of the Lord
Their thankful voices raise :
Can we be dumb whilst angels sing
Our great Redeemer's praise ?
- 3 O sing aloud in boundless grace,
Which thus hath set thee free ;
Extol with songs, my savéd soul,
Thy Savior's Love to thee.
- 4 Give endless thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in Thee,
That Thou hast not withheld Thy Son,
Thine only Son, from me !
- 5 Thy deep and glorious counsels, Lord,
With trembling I adore :
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,
Blessed for evermore.

John Mason. 1683. a.

106

C. M.

- 1 WHAT are the heavens, O God of heaven ?
Thou art more bright, more high :
What are bright stars, and brighter saints,
To Thy bright majesty ?
- 2 Thou'rt far above the songs of heaven,
Sung by the holy ones ;
And dost Thou stoop and bow Thine ear
To a poor sinner's groans ?

- 3 My precious Saviour's guiltless Blood
 First washed away my sin,
 And Thy Eternal Spirit was
 My Advocate within.
- 4 It could not be that Thou should'st hear
 A mortal, sinful worm;
 But that my prayors presented are
 In a most glorious form.
- 5 Thou heard'st my prayer for Jesus' sake,
 Whom Thou dost hear always:
 Lord, hear through that prevailing Name
 My voice of joy and praise.

John Mason. 1683. a.

107

C. M.

- 1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
 My death, was all my own;
 All that I am, I owe to Thee,
 My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage, all was mine;
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
 And taught me to believe;
 Then in believing, peace I found,
 And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar. 1853.

108

C. M.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

109

S. M.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold!
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar. 1853.

110

8, 7.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
 For the bliss Thy Love bestows,
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows.
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
 This dull soul to rapture raise:
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

REDEMPTION.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. 1826.

111

L. M.

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.

- 1 LORD, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
For all Thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven.
- 2 Lord, I believe the price is paid
For every soul, the Atonement made;
And every soul Thy grace may prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.
- 3 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thine hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 4 Ah, give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy quickening Word,
That sinners to Thy wounds may flee,
And find eternal life in Thee.

5 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove :
Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

John Wesley. 1740.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.

ADVENT.

112 *Instantis Adventum Dei.* **S. M.**

1 THE Advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.

2 The everlasting Son
Incarnate soon shall be :
He will a servant's form put on,
To make His people free.

3 Daughter of Zion, rise
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.

4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone ;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on !

6 Praise to the Saviour Son
From all the angel host :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

John Chandler. 1837.

113 *Jordanis Oras Prævia.* **L. M.**

- 1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:
Come then and hearken, for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin,
Make straight the way for God within!
And let us all our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward.
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth Thy hand, to health restore,
And make us rise, to fall no more:
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 To Him who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given:
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Thrice in One.

John Chandler. 1837. a.

114 *Veni, veni, Emmanuel.* **L. M.**

- 1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]
- 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

- 3 O come, Thou King of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home:
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

- 4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

- 5 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here:
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds, and bring us light!

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

From John Mason Neale. 851.

115 *In noctis umbra desides.* **L.M.**

- 1 DESIRE of nations, Lord of grace,
Redeemer of a sinful race,
In pity hearken to the groan
Of those whom sin hath overthrown!
- 2 Come, Jesus, come! our sins forgive,
And let Thy ransomed people live!
O, if in Adam all must die,
In Thee we claim the victory!
- 3 To God the Son, who came from heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given:
And God the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

John Chandler. 1837.

116

Vox clara ecce intonat.

8, 7.

- 1 HARK! an awful voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven.
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.
- 5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

117

Wie soll ich Dich empfangen.

7, 6.

- 1 O how shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My Hope, my heart's Delight!
O kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.
- 2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.

My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy Name.

- 3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou comest to set me free!
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou comest to honor me!
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
Thou wilt not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.
- 4 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me.
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O Love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!
- 5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

Unknown. 1859.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

118

C. M.

Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen.

- 1 ARISE, the kingdom is at hand,
The King is drawing nigh;
Arise with joy, thou faithful band,
To meet the Lord most high!

ADVENT.

- 2 Look up, ye souls weighed down with care,
The Sovereign is not far.
Look up, faint hearts, from your despair,
Behold the Morning Star!
- 3 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
The King is very near:
O cast your griefs and fears away,
For lo, your Help is here!
- 4 Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last!
The King comes on in might;
He loved us in the ages past,
When we lay wrapped in night:
- 5 Now fear and wrath to joy give place,
Now are our sorrows o'er,
Since God hath made us in His grace
His children evermore.
- 6 O rich the gifts Thou bringest us,
Thyself made poor and weak;
O Love beyond compare that thus
Can foes and sinners seek!
- 7 For this we raise a gladsome voice
On high to Thee alone,
And evermore with thanks rejoice
Before Thy glorious throne.

From Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. John Rist. 1651.

119 *Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.* 7, 6.

- 1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh.
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle—
At midnight comes the cry!

- 2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He 'cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory;
 The Bridegroom is at hand!
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold!
- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee!

H. L. L., 1853.

Tr. Laurentius Laurenti. 1700.

120 *Macht hoch die Thür.* **L. M.**

- 1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
 Behold, the King of glory waits;
 The King of kings is drawing near,
 The Saviour of the world is here.
 Life and salvation He doth bring;
 Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing,
 All praise, O [Father] God, to Thee!
 Creator, wise is Thy decree!

- 2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His side;
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress.
 The end of all our woe He brings:
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings,
 All praise, O Son [of God], to Thee!
 O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!
- 3 O, blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
 O happy hearts and happy homes
 To whom this King in triumph comes!
 The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
 [All] praise, [O] Holy Ghost, to Thee!
 Blest Spirit, for Thy comfort free!

PART II.

- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
 Make it a temple, set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.
 All praise, O [gracious] God, be Thine,
 For word, and deed, and grace divine!
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
 Until our glorious goal be won!
 Eternal praise and [deathless] fame
 Be offered, Saviour, to Thy Name!

Miss Winkworth. 1855, a.
Tr. George Weiszel. 1630.

121 *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.* **7s.**

- 1 COME, Thou Saviour of our race,
Choicest Gift of heavenly grace!
O Thou blessed Virgin's Son,
Be Thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heaven to earth:
By the Holy Ghost conceived,
Truly man to be believed.
- 3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child
Of the Virgin undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heaven enthroned.
- 4 From the Father forth He came,
And returneth to the same:
Captive leading death and hell,—
High the song of triumph swell.
- 5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust Thou once didst bow;
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?
- 6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine;
Glorious is its light divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light,
Ever be our faith thus bright.

William M. Reynolds. 1850.
Tr. Martin Luther. d. 1546.
From Ambrose, d. 387.

122 **L. M.**

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.

- 2 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Where we, assembled in Thy Name,
Thy sacred parting promise claim.
- 3 But chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Bid Thine eternal Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
- 4 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
- Reginald Heber. 1827. a.*

123

PSALM 72.

7, 6.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing;
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His Name shall stand for ever;
 That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery. 1822.

124

C. M.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts His sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.

ADVENT.

- 6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

Doddridge. 1755.

125

8, 7.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy Love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race ;
 Come, Thou mighty Prince and Savior,
 Come, and bring the Gospel grace.
- 5 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley. 1745. a.

126

8, 7.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born Thy people to deliver;
 Born a Child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley. 1745.

CHRISTMAS.

127

8, 7.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth, His praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!"

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood. 1814.

128

7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord :
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !
- 5 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 6 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart !

C. Wesley. 1739.

129

Adeste Fideles.

11s.

- 1 COME hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing:
Come see in the manger the angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!
- 2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin He does not despise:
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord.
- 3 Hark, hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!
- 4 To Thee then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

130

7, 6.

- 1 A GREAT and mighty wonder
Our Christmas Festal brings:
On earth, a lowly Infant,
Behold the King of kings!
- 2 The Word is made incarnate,
Descending from on high;
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds, from the sky.
- 3 And we with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"
- 4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

CHRISTMAS.

5 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord !

6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

Tr. Anatolius. ab. 450.

131 *Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich hir. L. M.*

1 Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing :
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford ;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

3 To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs :
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose Love did not the sinner scorn :
In my distress Thou comest to me ;
What thanks shall I return to Thee ?

5 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

6 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

- 7 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son:
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

From Arthur Tozer Russell. 1848.

And Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Martin Luther. 1535.

132 *Wir singen Dir, Immanuel.* **L.M.**

- 1 Emmanuel! we sing Thy praise,
Thou Prince of Life! Thou Fount of Grace!
With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing;
Praise, honor, thanks, to Thee we bring!
- 2 E'er since the world began to be,
How many a heart hath longed for Thee!
And Thou, O long-expected Guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!
- 3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now.
In lowly manger liest Thou:
A Child, yet makest all things great;
Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.
- 4 Now fearless I can look on Thee:
From sin and grief Thou set'st me free:
Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest death,
Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.
- 5 Thou art my Head, my Lord divine:
I am Thy member, wholly Thine;
And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
Serve Thee according to Thy will.
- 6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here,
With joyful spirit year by year:
And they shall sound before Thy throne,
Where time nor number more is known.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1656.

133

PSALM 98.

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King.
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground.
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His Righteousness,
 And wonders of His Love. [Watts. 1719.]

134

Du wesentliches Wort.

S. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR of our race,
 Welcome indeed Thou art,
 Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart!
- 2 Light of the world, abide
 Through faith within my heart;
 Leave me to seek no other guide,
 Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord!
 Sole Light of life Thou art!
 Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
 In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Laurentius Laurenti. 1700.

NEW YEAR.

135 *Our Lord's Circumcision.* **S. M.**

1 THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou begin'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

2 Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

3 Am I a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard my vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

4 Seemeth it strange to me
My own will to deny?
Seemeth it sad, my soul, to thee,
Under the yoke to lie?

5 I look, and hold my peace:
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

6 That I may reap in love,
Help me to sow in fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

From John Keble. 1827.

136

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty Hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it, till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge. 1755.

137

7s.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness:
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our Stay:
In the pathless wilderness,
Be our true and living Way.
- 3 Which of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

- 4 Make us faithful; make us pure:
 Keep us evermore Thine own:
 Help Thy servants to endure:
 Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton. 1851. a.

138

7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily, the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless Thy Word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton. 1779.

EPIPHANY.

139

7s.

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lonely manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix. 1860.

140

78.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.
- 5 Here behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes:
God in His own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars again!
God descends on earth to reign:
Deigns for man His life to employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

C. Wesley. 1739.

141

8, 7.

- 1 HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach Thy sacred throne;
 In Thy covenant united,
 Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
 Now revealed to eastern sages,
 See the star of mercy shine;
 Mystery hid in former ages,
 Mystery great of Love divine.
- 3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour!
 Gentiles now their offerings bring;
 In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
 May we, body, soul and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

Robert Robinson. ab. 1780.

142 *Werde Licht du Volk der Heiden.* 7s.

- 1 ALL ye gentile lands awake!
 Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
 See the Day-spring o'er you break,
 Heralding a morn divine;
 Telling, God hath called to mind
 Those who long in darkness pined.
- 2 Lo, the shadows flee away,
 For our Light is come at length,
 Brighter than all earthly day,
 Source of being, life and strength.
 Whoso on this Light would gaze,
 Must forsake all evil ways.
- 3 Yes, the glory of the Lord
 Hath arisen on us to-day!
 We have seen the light outpoured,
 That must surely drive away
 All things that to night belong,
 All the sad earth's woe and wrong.

- 4 Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
 All my thoughts in sorrow's hour ;
 Thy arising, Lord, shall still
 All my dread of death's dark power :
 Through my smiles and through my tears,
 Still Thy light, O Lord, appears.
- 5 Let me, Lord, in peace depart
 From this evil world to Thee !
 Where Thyself sole brightness art,
 Thou hast kept a place for me ;
 In the radiant city there,
 Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. John Rist. 1855.

143 *O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.* **L. M.**

- 1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
 Illumine those who sit in night ;
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,
 And all, O Lord, whose secret minds
 Some dark delusion hurts and binds.
- 3 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
 O gently seek ! Thy healing be
 To every wounded conscience given,
 And let them also share Thy heaven.
- 4 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,
 And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
 Who dare not yet the faith avow,
 Though secretly they hold it now.
- 5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers to Thy fold,
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

- 6 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. John Hermann. 1630.

144

H.M.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place.

How kind the care		For us to raise
Our God displays,		A house of prayer!

- 2 Though once estrangéd far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own:

Strangers no more,		And find our home,
To Thee we come,		And rest secure.

- 3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred Name;
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim.

Our Father-King,		Our souls embrace,
Thy covenant grace		Thy titles sing.

- 4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house;
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;

Indulgent still,		To join the choir
Till earth conspire		On Zion's hill.

Doddridge. 1755.

145

H.M.

- 1 ARISE, O God, and shine,
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design

To spread Thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of-mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise ;
Let every people hear
And learn Thy holy ways !
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws !

3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee :
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

4 To God the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living-thing :
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Unknown. 1829. a.

146 *The Presentation in the Temple.* **8, 7.**

1 IN His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord ;
Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
God has now fulfilled His Word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemed
Shall break forth with one accord.

2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Lo, the incarnate God most high !

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
 Thou who didst for us endure,
 Make us see our great salvation,
 Seal us with Thy promise sure;
 And present us, in Thy glory,
 To Thy Father, cleansed and pure,
Unknown. 1857.

147 *Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden.* **S. M.**

1 LIGHT of the gentile world !
 Thy people's joy and love !
 Drawn by Thy Spirit we are come
 Thy presence, Lord, to prove.
 Within Thy temple walls
 We wait with earnest mind,
 As Simeon waited long of old,
 His Saviour God to find.

2 Thou wilt be found of us,
 O Lord, in every place,
 Where Thou hast promised faithfully
 We should behold Thy face.
 Thou yet dost suffer us
 Who oft are gathered here,
 To bear Thee in the arms of faith,
 As once that aged seer.

3 Be Thou our Bliss, our Light,
 Shining 'mid pain and loss,
 Our Sun of strength in time of fear,
 The glory round our cross :
 A glow in sinking hearts,
 A sunbeam in distress,
 Physician, nurse, in sickness' hours,
 In death our happiness !

4 O let us, Lord, prevail
 With Simeon at the last ;
 May we take up his dying song
 When life is waning fast.

“Let me depart in peace,
Since that mine aged eyes
Have seen the Saviour here on earth,
Have seen His glory rise.”

5 Yes, with the eye of faith
My Jesus I behold;
No foe can rob me of my Lord,
Though fierce his threats and bold.
I dwell within Thy heart,
Thou dost in mine abide;
Not sorrow, pain, nor death itself,
Can tear me from Thy side.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. John Franck. 1674.

EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.

148

L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy Word:
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here.
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Watts. 1709.

149

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood.
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield. 1772. a.

150

C. M.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too
Thy path, my Lord, I'd tread;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.
- 2 With earnest zeal, 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my love excite
Thy precepts to fulfil!
- 3 Unsullied meekness, truth and love,
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Benjamin Beddome. 1818. a.

151

C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, whom that holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labor born,
And more than mortal woe!
- 2 Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us, died!
- 3 If gayly clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may Thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!
- 5 Through fickle fortune's various scene,
From sin preserve us free;
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee.

Reginald Heber. 1827.

152

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic Word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose His princely dress.
- 3 Jesus, Thou Light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts.
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

- 4 Cheered by its beams, our souls
 Shall run the heavenly way.
 The path which Thou hast marked and trod
 Shall lead to endless day.

John Needham. 1768. a.

153

7s.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be?
 Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever lean on Him;
 From His precepts wisdom draw,
 Make His life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die.

William H. Furness. 1844.

THE PASSION.

154

8, 7.

- 1 IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the Cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

155

S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our stains away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding Love. *Watts. 1709.*

156

C. P. M.

1 O THOU who didst Thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall,

THE PASSION.

Thou hast redeemed me with a price,
Nor shall my sins in judgment rise,
For Thou hast borne them all.

- 2 Jesus was punished in my stead,
Without the gate my Surety bled,
To expiate my stain;
On earth the *Godhead* deigned to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the *Man*.
- 3 Behold the Lord for rebels given!
Behold, the incarnate King of heaven
Did for His foes expire!
Amazed, O earth, the tidings hear;
He bore, that we might never bear
His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the Man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:
Praise Him, till, with the heavenly throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see Him on His throne.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1759. a.

157

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming Love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

William Cowper. 1779. a.

158

7s.

- 1 DUST and ashes, sin and guilt,—
 CHRIST, for me Thy Blood was spilt;
 Cleanse Thou me from guilt and sin,
 Make me pure without, within;
 Soul and body, at Thy word,
 Be to saving health restored.
- 2 Flesh and blood, this mortal frame,
 Thou wert pleased to wear the same:
 Though Thy nature was divine,
 Thou didst condescend to mine.
 Let me for Thy mercy's sake,
 Thy Divinity partake.
- 3 From the ruins of the Fall,
 Me to grace and glory call:
 Me, O Lord my Righteousness!
 With Thine image re-impress.
 Thou didst stoop to earth for me:
 Raise me up to heaven with Thee.

159

8, 7, 7.

- 1 Who is this that comes from Edom,
 All His raiment stained with blood,
 To the captive speaking freedom,
 Bringing and bestowing good;
 Glorious in the garb He wears,
 Glorious in the spoil He bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Travelling onward in His might;
 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
 To His people is the sight!
 Satan conquered and the grave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Mighty Victor! reign forever,
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall Thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly. 1809. a.

160

Ira justa Conditoris.

8, 7, 7.

- 1 HE who once, in righteous vengeance,
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With the stream of His own Blood,
 Coming from His throne on high
 On the painful Cross to die.
- 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal!
 O the depth of Love divine!
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in Jesus Christ doth shine!
 We were sinners doomed to die;
 Jesus paid the penalty.

- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws.
 May the Blood of his Atonement
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation !
 Lord of majesty supreme !
 Jesus! praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem :
 Glory to the Father be,
 And the Spirit, One with Thee.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

161

6, 5.

- 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who, in bitter pains,
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins !
- 2 Grace and life eternal
 In that Blood I find ;
 Blest be His compassion,
 Infinitely kind !
- 3 Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem !
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies ;
 But the Blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries !
- 5 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.

THE PASSION.

- 6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious Blood!
Edward Caswall. 1858.

162

C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues.
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. *Watts. 1709.*

163

C. M.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head!
- 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with Blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee. *Watts. 1709.*

164

S. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with His Blood!
- 2 To Christ the anointed King,
 Be endless blessings given!
 Let the whole earth His glory sing,
 Who made our peace with heaven.
 Watts. 1709.

 PASSION WEEK.

165

C. M.

- 1 O THOU who through this holy week
 Didst suffer for us all;
 The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
 To raise up them that fall:
- 2 We cannot understand the woe
 Thy Love was pleased to bear:
 O Lamb of God, we only know
 That all our hopes are there!
- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
 Thy hand the victory won:
 What shall we render to our God
 For all that He hath done?
- 4 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 By men on earth be honor done,
 And by the heavenly host.
 John Mason Neale. 1844.

166

Palm Sunday.

L. M.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

PASSION WEEK.

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman. 1827. a.

167

8, 7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in His Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see.

Walter Shirley. 1760. a.

168

*Isaiah 53.**C. M.*

- 1 THE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe !
And grief His close companion still
Through all His life below !
- 3 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore :
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
- 4 We held Him as condemned of heaven,
An outcast from His God ;
While for our sins He groaned, he bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.
- 5 His sacred Blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain ;
His stripes have healed us, and His Death
Revived our souls again.
- 6 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road :
On Him were our transgressions laid ;
He bore the mighty load.
- 7 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven :
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

William Robertson. d. 1743.

169

8, 7.

- 1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

PASSION WEEK.

Hail, Thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By Thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Pascal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy Blood :
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
When we join the angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell. 1760. a.

170

8, 7.

1 SUFFERING Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain ;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe :
- 3 When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burthened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.
- 4 By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark satanic hour;
By Thy last mysterious Passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
- 5 By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy dreadful Death, I pray,
Write upon my heart Thy pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.
- 6 By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
Gracious Lord, remember me!

C. Wesley. 1767. a.

171

78.

- 1 SAVIOR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the risen God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Sir Robert Grant. 1832.

172

7s.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own Sacrifice complete:
 "It is finished," hear Him cry:
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay;
 His solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken Him away?
 Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes:
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery. 1825.

Thursday in Passion Week.

7s.

- 1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
 Many sore temptations met,
 Patient, and to pains inured;
 But the sorest trial yet
 Was to be sustained in thee,
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night;
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might,
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
 See, my soul, thy Savior see
 Prostrate in Gethsemane!
- 3 There my Lord bore all my guilt:
 This, through grace, can be believed;
 But the horrors which He felt
 Are too vast to be conceived.
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane!
- 4 Sins against a holy God,
 Sins against His righteous laws.
 Sins against His Love, His Blood,

PASSION WEEK.

Sins against His Name and cause,—
Sins immense as is the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

5 Here's my claim, and here alone:
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In Thy shining courts above!
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart. 1759. a.

GOOD FRIDAY.

174 *Opprobriis, Jesu, satur. Iambic 8, 7.*

- 1 His trial o'er, and now beneath
His own Cross faintly bending,
Jesus the fatal hill of death
Is wearily ascending.
- 2 And now, His hands and feet pierced through,
Upon the Cross they raise Him:
Where even now, in distant view,
The eye of faith surveys Him.
- 3 O wondrous Love, which God most high
Towards man was pleased to cherish!
His sinless Son He gave to die,
That sinners might not perish.
- 4 Our sins' pollution to remove,
His Blood was asked and given;
So mighty was the Saviour's Love,
So vast the wrath of heaven.

5 Yes, 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God
For our entire salvation.

6 O praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, by whom alone
Our hearts are raised to heaven.

John Chandler. 1837.

Tr. Charles Coffin. ab. 1730.

175 *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt.* **C. M.**

1 THE royal banner is unfurled,
The Cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See, through His holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive :
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see, the spear hath pierced His side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The Water and the Blood.

4 Hail, holy Cross ! From thee we learn
The only way to heaven :
And oh, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven !

5 So let us praise the Saviour's name,
And with exulting cry,
The triumph of the Cross proclaim
To all eternity.

John Chandler. 1837.

Tr. Venantius Fortunatus. ab. 580.

176 *Prome vocem, mens, canoram.* 8, 7.

- 1 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing aloud in mournful strain,
Of the sorrows most amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which our Savior
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
- 2 He the ruthless scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
Sinners by His own stripes curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.
- 3 He to liberty restored us
By the very bonds He bare;
And His nail-pierced limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare:
Lo! He draws us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.
- 4 When His painful life was ended,
When the spear transfixed His side:
Blood and water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide:
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us, is applied.
- 5 Jesus! may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now Thy Love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
As our ever-glorious Lord!

John Chandler. 1837. a.

Tr. Santolius Maglorianus. ab. 1650.

177 *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.* 7, 6.

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

- 2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

- 3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

- 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

- 5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
 O Jesus, leave not me;
 In faith may I receive Thee,
 When death shall set me free.
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
 Release me then from anguish
 By Thine own wounded heart.

James W. Alexander. 1849. a.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

From Bernard of Clairvaux. 1153.

178

C. M.

- BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done; the precious ransom's paid:
 "Receive my soul!" He cries:
 See where He bows His sacred head!
 He bows His head and dies.
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr. ab. 1700.

179

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
 The Savior lifted high!
 Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony!

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas Love that bowed His fainting head,
And oped His gushing side.
- 4 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the world combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy Cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

Doddridge. 1755.

180

C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And Love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe.
 Here, Lord, I give myself away:
 'Tis all that I can do. [Watts. 1709.

181

8, 7.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,"
 See Him dying on the tree!
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
 Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
- 2 Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
 See who bears the awful load;
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 3 Here we have a firm foundation;
 Here's the refuge of the lost;
 Christ's the Rock of our salvation:
 His the Name of which we boast.
- 4 Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on Thee their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

182

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

185

So ruhest Du.

6, 6, 10.

1 Rest of the weary! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest;
From out her deathly sleep
My soul doth start, to weep
So sad a wonder, that Thou, Saviour, diest!

2 Thy bitter anguish o'er,
To this dark tomb they bore
Thee, Life of life—Thee, Lord of all creation!
The hollow rocky cave
Must serve Thee for a grave,
Who wast Thyself the Rock of our salvation!

3 O Prince of Life! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken:
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

4 To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
Thy Death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death! O Grave! where is your victory?

5 The grave can naught destroy;
Only the flesh can die,
And even the body triumphs o'er decay:
Clothed by Thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that Last Day.

6 My Jesus, day by day,
Help me to watch and pray,
Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid.

Thy bitter Death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into death's awful shade.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Solomon Franck. 1716.

186

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy soul, for ever blest,
Hath gone among the dead,
And to his peaceful place of rest
The dying thief hath led.
- 2 And all for us; that when, ere long,
We shall resign our breath,
We may not fear to go among
The unseen shades of death.
- 3 In death's dark vale I soon must be,
But I will nothing fear;
Thy rod and staff will comfort me;
Thou hast Thyself been there.

Unknown. 1847.

187 *Der Du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast. L. M.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, who, our souls to save,
Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
And here to live as seems Thee best.
- 2 Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That Thou hast purchased with Thy Death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face.
- 3 O Lamb of God, who once was slain,
We thank Thee for that bitter pain.
Let us partake Thy Death, that we
May enter into Life with Thee.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. George Werner. 1538.

185

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 Thyself art resting now,
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 To this dark tomb they bore
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186

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The dying thief hath led.
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We shall resign our breath,
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Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
And here to live as seems Thee best.
- 2 Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That Thou hast purchased with Thy Death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face.
- 3 O Lamb of God, who once was slain,
We thank Thee for that bitter pain.
Let us partake Thy Death, that we
May enter into Life with Thee.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. George Werner. 1538.

188

8, 7.

- 1 HAIL, all hail, Thou Lord of glory!
Thee our Father, Thee we own!
Abraham heard not of our story,
Israel ne'er our name hath known:
 - 2 But, Redeemer, Thou hast sought us,
Thou hast heard Thy children's wail;
Thou with Thy dear Blood hast bought us;
Hail, Thou mighty Victor, hail!
- Unknown. 1854.*
-

EASTER.

189

L. M.

- 1 HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around.
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids His rise:
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns.
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.

- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
Watts. 1709. a.

190

78.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids His rise;
 Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now Thy sting?
 Dying once, He all doth save;
 Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
- 6 What though once we perished all,
 Partners in our parents' fall:
 Second life we now receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to Thee by both be given:
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

C. Wesley. 1739.

191

7, 6.

- 1 THE day of Resurrection !
 Earth ! tell it out abroad !
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God !
 From death to Life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light :
 And listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!"—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful !
 Let earth her song begin !
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein :
 In grateful exultation
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

* *John Mason Neale. 1862. a.**Tr. John of Damascus, ab. 760.*

192

Trochaic 7, 6.

- 1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness !
 God hath brought His Israel
 Into joy from sadness !
- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day :
 Christ hath burst His prison ;
 And from three days' sleep in death,
 As a sun, hath risen.

3 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to whom we give
 Thanks and praise undying.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal:

5 But to-day amidst the twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

John Mason Neale. 1862.

Tr. John of Damascus, ab. 760.

193 *Jesu, meine Zuversicht.* **7s.**

1 JESUS my Redeemer lives,
 Christ my Trust is dead no more;
 In the strength this knowledge gives,
 Shall not all my fears be o'er?
 Calm, though death's long night be fraught
 Still with many an anxious thought?

2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
 And His life I soon shall see;
 Bright the hope this promise gives;
 Where He is I too shall be.
 Shall I fear then? Can the Head
 Rise and leave the members dead?

3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
 In the bonds of hope enclasped;
 Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
 And the Rock hath firmly grasped.
 Death shall ne'er my soul remove
 From her refuge in Thy Love.

- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
 Him whom I shall surely know;
 Not another shall I rise;
 With His love my heart shall glow;
 Only there shall disappear
 Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 We who suffer, sigh and moan,
 Fresh and glorious there shall reign:
 Earthly here the seed is sown,
 Heavenly it shall rise again;
 Natural the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
- 6 Saviour, help us, that our heart
 Rise betimes from earthly lust;
 Let us there with Thee have part,
 Here obey our Lord and trust.
 Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
 Whither we ourselves would rise!

Miss Winkicorth. 1855. a.

Tr. Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg. 1653.

194 *Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich. 7, 8, 7.*

- 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
 Jesus lives! and this I know,
 From the dead He will recall me.
 Brighter scenes will then commence;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given:
 I shall go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven.
 God is pledged: weak doubtings, hence!
 This shall be my confidence.

- 3 Jesus lives, who died for me ;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart I'll ever be,
 Glory to my Saviour giving.
 God will be a sure Defence;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 4 Jesus lives! I know full well,
 Naught from me His heart shall sever;
 Life nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Tear me from His keeping ever.
 Freely God doth grace dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath,
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 "Lord," I'll cry, as fails each sense,
 "Lord, Thou art my confidence!"

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a.
Tr. Christian F. Gellert. 1757.

195 *Willkommen, Held im Streite.* **C. M.**

- 1 WELCOME, Thou Victor in the strife,
 Welcome from out the cave!
 To-day we triumph in Thy life
 Around Thine empty grave.
- 2 Our enemy is put to shame,
 His short-lived triumph o'er;
 Our God is with us, we exclaim,
 We fear our foe no more.
- 3 The dwellings of the just resound
 With songs of victory;
 For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,
 And bringest peace with Thee.

- 4 O let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free;
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.
- 5 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.
- 6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.
- 7 Death hurts us not: his power is gone,
And pointless all his darts:
God's favor now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck. 1712.

196

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Savior, and my Head,
I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Thou knowest for my offence He died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to Thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in Him, shall find
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

ASCENSION.

- 5 To Thee the glory of Thy power
And faithfulness I give.
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

C. Wesley. 1742.

ASCENSION.

197

PSALM 24.

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene :
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

C. Wesley. 1760.

198

7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of Glory in !

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

5 Still for us His Death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

C. Wesley. 1739.

199 *Hymnum canamus gloriæ.* **L. M.**

1 A HYMN of glory let us sing;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

2 May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

3 Be Thou our present Joy, O Lord,
Who wilt be ever our Reward:
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!

Elizabeth Rundell Charles. 1858.

Tr. Bede. ab. 780.

ASCENSION.

200 *Jesu, nostra Redemptio.* C. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only Spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Savior and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the Love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!
- 3 But now the bands of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty Love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present Joy,
Our future great Reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

John Chandler. 1837.

201 C.M.

- 1 O THOU, who thus exalted art,
On whom our souls rely,
Grant to us now, in mind and heart.
To dwell with Thee on high!
- 2 And when at length, redeemed by Thee,
The just that sleep shall rise,
With theirs our happy portion be,
A home beyond the skies.

Unknown. 1854.

KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

202

C. M.

- 1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His Love,
And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His Love.
- 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly. 1820.

203

8, 7, 7

- 1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
 All above, and makes it fair :
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy people here.
 When we think of Love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it Love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever ;
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from Thy Love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
- 4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly. 1804. a.

204

H. M.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above :
 Lift up your heart, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven :
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given.
 Lift up your heart, &c.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
C. Wesley. 1749.

205 *Siegesfürst und Ehrenkönig.* 7s.

- 1 CONQUERING Prince and Lord most high!
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens before Thee lie,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?
- 2 Far and wide, Thou Heavenly Sun,
Now Thy brightness streams abroad,
And heaven's host anew hath won
Light and gladness from its Lord.
So let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous sceptre bend:
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

- 3 Of Thy cup shall I not drink,
 Now Thy glories o'er me shine?
 Shall my courage ever sink,
 Now I know all power is Thine?
 I will trust Thee, O my King,
 And will fear no earthly thing;
 Henceforth will I bow the knee
 To no ruler, save to Thee.
- 4 Lo, Thy presence filleth now
 All Thy Church in every place.
 To my heart, O enter Thou!
 See, it thirsteth for Thy grace.
 Come, Thou King of glory, come,
 Deign to make my heart Thy home.
 There abide and rule alone,
 As upon Thy heavenly throne.
- 5 Parting, Thou dost bring Thy life,
 God and heaven, most inly near:
 Let me rise o'er earthly strife,
 As though still I saw Thee here;
 And my heart, transplanted hence,
 Strange to earth and time and sense,
 Dwell with Thee in heaven even now,
 Where our only joy art Thou!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a.

Tr. Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.

206

L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives!
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
 He lives, my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His Love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.

- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to His Name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

From Samuel Medley. 1800.

207

H. M.

- 1 JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered His Blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows His ears,
And lays His thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn His heart, His Love away.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Watts. 1709.

208

H. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming Love,
His precious Blood to plead ;
His Blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me ;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die !
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The Presence of His Son ;
His Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child,

I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

C. Wesley. 1742.

209

L. M. 6l.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend :
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant. 1812.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

210

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

8, 7.

- 1 To the Name of our salvation
Honor, worship, thanks, we pay;
Which, for many a generation
Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.
- 2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.
- 3 'Tis the Name for adoration;
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In this vale of misery;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 4 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 5 Jesus, we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

From John Mason Neale. 1851.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

For Palm Sunday.

211

Gloria, laus, et honor.

7, 6.

- 1 ALL glory, praise, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer King;
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One!
- 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
- 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

John Mason Neale. 1856.

• Tr. Theodulph of Orleans, d. 821.

212

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine:
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

From Edward Perronet. 1785. a.

213

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Let powers immortal sing;
Adore the co-eternal Word,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Thy Name hosannas ring;
Around Thy throne their myriads crowd,
And shout, the Lord is King!
- 3 Hail Him, they cry, ye sons of light,
Of joy the eternal Spring;
Praise Him who formed you by His might,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

- 4 Hail Him, ye saints, whose love for you
Has drawn the monster's sting;
O render to the Lord His due;
Rejoice, the Lord is King!
- 5 Cry out and shout, fair Zion's land!
Ye priests, your offerings bring;
Watchmen, that on her ramparts stand,
O shout, the Lord is King!
- 6 Let worlds above and worlds below,
In songs united sing;
And, while eternal ages flow,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

Edward Perronet. 1785. a.

214

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
His Blood avails for me.
- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain :
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 7 Glory to God, and praise, and love,
Be ever, ever given ;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

C. Wesley. 1740. a.

215

H. M.

- 1 LET earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise in songs divine
The incarnate Deity :
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' Name.
- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 For me and all mankind
The Lamb of God was slain :
My Lord His life resigned
For every soul of man :
Loving to all, He none passed by,
He would not have one sinner die.
- 4 O unexampled Love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

C. Wesley. 1756. a.

216

H. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean to speak His worth;
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But O, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach His heavenly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands;
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in His hands:
 Commissioned from His Father's throne,
 To make His grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy Name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side;
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

Watts. 1709.

217

8, 7, 7.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend.
 His is love beyond a brother's,

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting Love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless Love indeed:
Jesus is a Friend in need.

- 3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name:
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton. 1779.

218

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin' defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy Love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton. 1779.

219

78.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's Name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and Cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love Thee without end.

John Newton. 1779. a.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

220 *Jesu dulcis Memoria.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Savior of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The Love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity!

Edward Caswall. 1848.

Tr. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1153.

221 *Jesu Rex admirabilis.* C. M.

- 1 O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine:
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

Tr. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1153.

222

7s.

- 1 LORD, and whither shall we go ?
 Thou alone hast words of life !
 In our stormy griefs below,
 Who, but Thou, can heal the strife
 Sin and sorrow round us bring,
 In life's vale while wandering?
- 2 Blessed Christ ! embodied Word !
 Thou alone art Life and Light :
 Saints who have Thy truth preferred
 Walk in peace, and worship right :
 Thou alone to sin canst say,
 "I am Love, the Living Way."
- 3 Sun of Grace, O ever shine
 Round our paths, where'er they lead !
 Midnight feels a ray divine
 Breaking through the darkest need,
 If we hear, when most dismayed,
 "It is I, be not afraid !"
- 4 Pardon, peace, and purity,
 Gifts without, and grace within,
 Love and light which set us free

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

From the curse and chain of sin,—
These, Emmanuel, Thou canst give,
While upon Thy words we live.

- 5 Not a want, Thou canst not fill;
Not a fear, Thou wilt not tame;
If, indeed, repentance will
Rest upon Thy glorious Name,
High o'er every guilt and grave
Shall Redemption's banner wave!

- 6 Saviour, be our Polar Star,
Shaded by no sinful night;
Shed upon us from afar
Living beams of holy light:
When we reach our radiant home,
We shall know the Way we come.

Robert Montgomery. 1848.

223

C. M.

- 1 LORD, should we leave Thy hallowed feet,
To whom should we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there?
- 2 Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure perennial stream;
And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
Obscure life's brightest beam.
- 3 Unmingled joys 'tis Thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For Thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.
- 4 Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply;
Anointed of the Lord of lords,
The Son of God most high!

George Washington Doane. 1826.

224

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way :. to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : Thy Word alone
Sound wisdom can impart :
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm :
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane. 1826.

225

7s.

- 1 HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
When by passion strong possést
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Lord, when error's night
Dims and blinds our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine,
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach the heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesus, he must come by Thee.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

5 Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father's face,
Savior blest, incarnate Son,
With the Father Thou art One.

6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, only Son, to Thee;
And, of equal power confest,
Glory to the Spirit blest.

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

226 *Guter Hirte, willst Du nicht. 7, 8, 7.*

1 WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,
Spare Thy sheep, in mercy spare me?
Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do,
In Thine arms rejoicing bear me,
Bear me where all troubles cease,
Home to folds of joy and peace?

2 See how I have gone astray,
How earth's labyrinths oft mislead me;
Bring me back into Thy way,
In Thine own green pastures feed me:
Gather me within the fold,
Where Thy lambs Thy light behold.

3 With Thy flock I long to be,
With the flock to whom 'tis given,
Safe to feed, and, praising Thee,
Roam the happy plains of heaven:
Free from fear of sinful stain,
They can never stray again.

4 Lord, I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me;
Lo! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me:
Such their snares on every side,
Safe Thy sheep can ne'er abide.

- 5 Jesus, Lord! my Shepherd true,
 O from wolves Thy sheep deliver;
 Help, as shepherds wont to do,
 From their jaws preserve me ever.
 Bid Thy trembling wanderer come
 To his everlasting home.

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841.

Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

227

7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley. 1740.

228

7s.

- 1 Son of God, to Thee I cry!
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry!
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry!
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will:
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Richard Mant. 1838.

229 *The Image of the Earthly.* **C. M.**

- 1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep!
- 3 This world the Master overcame;
This death the Lord did die:
O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!
- 4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!
- 5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Thomas H. Gill. 1848.

230 *The image of the Heavenly.* **C. M.**

- 1 'Tis not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.
- 2 Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with Thee.
- 3 Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
And we Thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
And we Thy bliss may bear!

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 4 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine ;
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine !
- 5 O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By Thee received and given :
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive Thy heaven !

Thomas H. Gill. 1848.

231

7, 6, 8.

- 1 JESUS, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
Jesus, Source of grace completest,
Jesus tenderest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine !
- 2 Thou didst call the prodigal ;
Thou didst pardon Mary :
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary ;
Thou whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise !
- 3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression !
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession ;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment ;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain !

- 4 When I reach Death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me,
 As the storm draws nigher :
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish !
 Tell me,—“ Verily I say,
 Thou shalt be with Me to-day !”
John Mason Neale. 1862.
Tr. Theoctistus of the Studium. ab. 890.
-

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

232

7s.

- 1 RULER of the hosts of light,
 Death hath yielded to Thy might ;
 And Thy Blood hath marked a road
 Which will lead us back to God.
- 2 From Thy dwelling-place above,
 From Thy Father's throne of love,
 With Thy look of mercy bless
 Those without Thee comfortless.
- 3 Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
 Giving to the Church her birth,
 From the spear-wound opening wide
 In Thine own life-giving side.
- 4 Now in glory Thou dost reign,
 Won by all Thy toil and pain ;
 Thence the promised Spirit send,
 While our prayers to Thee ascend.
- 5 Jesus, praise to Thee be given,
 With the Father, high in heaven ;
 Holy Spirit, praise to Thee
 Now and through eternity.

Unknown. 1861.

233

S. M.

- 1 LEAVE us not comfortless,
O Thou our risen Lord!
But send Thy Spirit down, to bless
And guide us with Thy Word.
- 2 By Him Thy gifts impart,
Light, peace, and joy, and love;
Seal of adoption in our heart,
Earnest of heaven above.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

234

7s.

- 1 FATHER, glorify Thy Son;
Answer His prevailing prayer;
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
True and gracious as Thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, Thou must the grace bestow:
Jesus said, it shall be so.

C. Wesley. 1747.

235

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FATHER—for Thou my Father art—
Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son;
Breathe Him into my longing heart,
And make me know as I am known:
Make me Thy conscious child, that I
May "Father, Abba Father," cry!
- 2 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,

And keep possession of my breast :
And make my soul His loved abode,
The temple of the living God!

C. Wesley. 1740. a.

WHITSUNDAY.

236

C. H. M.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky:
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
Creates new life within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men:
The fallen soul His temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Thomas Cotterill. 1819.

237

S. M.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away ;
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day !
- 6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

James Montgomery. 1819.

238

8, 7.

- 1 DAY divine, when in the temple
To the first disciples came
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame !
Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descended,
Bringing down the joy of heaven !

THE CHURCH YEAR.

- 2 Lord, to-day Thy people learneth
No new wonder, no strange tale;
Lord, to-day Thy people yearneth
Here the Holy Ghost to hail!
O'er again to write the story
Our weak, trembling souls aspire:
Unto us may come the glory,
Full on us may fall the fire!
- 3 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own?
Ah, their portion we inherit,
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin:
We beseech the Holy Spirit;
We the Comforter would win.

Thomas H. Gill. 1848. a.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

239 *Veni Creator Spiritus.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One :
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song!
Unknown. 1662. a.
Tr. Charlemagne. d. 814.

240

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, Lord of Light,
From Thy clear, celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give;
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
- 2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;

Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

Edward Caswall. 1848.

Tr. Robert II. of France. d. 1031.

241

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

6, 4.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs overflow,—
Cheer us, this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!
- 4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Ray Palmer. 1858.

Tr. Robert II. of France. d. 1031.

242 *Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus. L. M.*

- 1 BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
Thou Source of life and holy love,
O cheer us with Thy sacred beams,
Refresh us with Thy plenteous streams.
- 2 O may our lips confess Thy Name,
Our holy lives Thy praise proclaim:
With love divine our hearts inspire,
And fill us with Thy holy fire.
- 3 O holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore;
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

John Chandler. 1837.

243 *Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott! L. M.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!
Be all Thy graces now outpoured
On the believer's mind and soul,
To strengthen, save, and make us whole.
- 2 Lord, by the brightness of Thy light,
Thou in the faith dost men unite
Of every land and every tongue:
This to Thy praise, O Lord, be sung.

- 3 Thou strong Defence, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart:
The Word of life and truth impart:
- 4 That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.
- 5 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
- 6 Lord, make us ready with Thy powers;
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.

Tr. Martin Luther. 1524.

244 *O Du allersüßte Freude.* **8, 7.**

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light!
Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore!
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
Author of the new creation!
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts Thy habitation;
On our souls Thy graces shower.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Manifest Thy Love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Hear, oh hear our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fulness of Thy grace.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1722. a.

From John Christian Jacobi. 1776. a.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

245 *Komm, O komm, Du Geist des Lebens. 7s.*

- 1 HOLY Spirit, once again
Come, Thou true eternal God!
Nor Thy power descend in vain;
Make us ever Thine abode;
So shall brightness, life, and light,
Dwell in us where all was night.
- 2 Pour into our heart and mind
Wisdom, counsel, truth, and love;
That we be to naught inclined,
Save what Thou mayst well approve;
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.
- 3 Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hinderances away,
That might foil us in the race:
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.
- 4 Lord, preserve us in the faith,
Suffer naught to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death:
Be our God and our Defence;
Though the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy Word be stronger still.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

- 5 And when we at last must die,
O assure the sinking heart
Of the glorious realms on high,
Where Thou healest every smart;
Of the joys unspeakable,
Where our God would have us dwell.

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a.

Tr. Joachim Neander. 1651.

246

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so cold, so faint to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers.
Come, shed abroad a Savior's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Watts. 1709. a.

247

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret Love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart. 1759. a.

248

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.
- 4 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take, to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.
- 5 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

- 6 Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne. 1720. a.

249

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious Blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker. 1806. a.

250

7s.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
- 3 Let me see my Savior's face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known to Thee.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
In Thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Let it grow and still increase.
- 5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
- 6 See, to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part.
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

Andrew Reed. 1842.

251

7s.

- 1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter Thou our waiting breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 Finish Thou our sinful strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!
- 3 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night,—
Darkness kindles into night;
Spread Thy overshadowing wings,—
Order from confusion springs.
- 4 Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace;
Joy divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

C. Wesley. 1739. a.

252

7s.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, my soul inspire!
Spirit of the Almighty Sire,
Spirit of the Son divine,
Comforter, Thy gifts be mine!

187

THE CHURCH YEAR.

- 2 Holy Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively FAITH may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught.
 - 3 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And, with HOPE my bosom fill.
 - 4 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with LOVE.
 - 5 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from Thee:
Thou the anointing Spirit art;
These Thy gifts to us impart!
 - 6 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with Thee
In the threefold Deity.
- Richard Mant. 1837.*
-

TRINITY.

253

C.M.

- 1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy Church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.

TRINITY.

- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess :
Thee, holy Son, adore ;
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.
- 4 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be ;
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three !

C. Wesley. 1767. a.

254

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy our voices we unite,
And lift our hearts above,
To God, the God of power and might,
To God, whose name is Love.
- 2 To Him, who us, and earth, and skies,
With all their armies made,
From us, from all, let anthems rise,
To God, the Father paid.
- 3 To Him, whose Death for all mankind,
For us, redemption won,
By us, by all, be songs combined,
In praise to God the Son.
- 4 To Him, who us and all His fold
With sanctity arrays,
To God, from all His saints enrolled,
The Holy Ghost, be praise.
- 5 To God, whose Name His Word reveals,
Whom all His saints confess,
Whose grace His faithful promise seals,
To save, to cleanse, to bless :
- 6 To God, from whom all blessings flow,
Eternal One in Three,
From all his saints, above, below,
Eternal glory be !

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

255

S. M.

- 1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of Thy creating Love.
- 2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 4 Eternal triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And dwell upon Thy Love.

C. Wesley. 1746.

256

6, 4.

- 1 COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
Front all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!
- 5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. Wesley. 1757. a.

257

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of heaven! whose Love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning Love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

THE CHURCH,

- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

Thomas Cotterill. 1827.

THE CHURCH.

258

PSALM 118.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the Name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this Building rise:
'Tis Thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Watts. 1719.

259

H. M.

- 1 WITH ecstacy of joy
Extol His glorious Name,
Who reared the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame.
- He built the Church who spread the sky;
Sing and exalt his honors high.

2 See the Foundation laid
 By Power and Love divine;
 Jesus, His first-born Son,
 How bright His glories shine!
 Low He descends, in dust He lies,
 That from His tomb a Church might rise.

3 But He for ever lives,
 Nor for Himself alone;
 Each saint new life derives
 From Him, the living Stone.
 His influence spreads through every soul,
 And in one house unites the whole.

4 To Him with joy we move;
 In Him cemented stand;
 The living Temple grows,
 And owns the Founder's hand.
 That Structure, Lord, still higher raise,
 Louder to sound its Builder's praise.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

260

8, 7.

1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
 Zion, City of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton. 1779.

261

H. M.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high.
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh.
 Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
 Arise and shine, | Stream far abroad.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head.
 The nations round | With lustre new,
 Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

- 3 In honor to His Name,
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim
 Which makes thy darkness bright.
 Pursue His praise, | In worlds above
 Till sovereign Love | Thy glory raise.

- 4 There, on His holy hill,
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And with His radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies;
 While round His throne, | In nobler spheres
 Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

Doddridge. 1755.

262

C. M.

- 1 CHURCH of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!
- 2 Thy words, amid the words of earth,
How noiseless and how low!
Amid the hurrying crowds of time,
Thy steps how calm and slow!
- 3 But 'mid the wrinkled brows of earth,
Thy brow how free from care;
'Mid the flushed cheeks of riot here,
Thy cheek how pale and fair!
- 4 Amid the restless eyes of earth,
How steadfast is thine eye,
Fixed on the eternal loveliness
Of scenes beyond the sky!

*Horatius Bonar. 1856. a.*263 *Verzage nicht, o Häuflein klein.* C.P.M.

- 1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on His sword!
- 3 As true as God's own Word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Miss Winkworth. 1855:

From Gustavus Adolphus. 1631.

264

PSALM 48.

S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A Refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Watts. 1719.

265

PSALM 27.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too:
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still ;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound. *Watts. 1719.*

266

8,7.

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded ;
Zion, kept by Power divine ;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove :
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee, ,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in His sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

267

8, 7, 7.

- 1 SEE the vineyard Thou hast planted,
God of mercy, Lord of hosts!
Let Thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts.
Hear Thy people when they pray,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day!
- 2 Drooping plants revive and nourish;
Let them thrive beneath Thy hand;
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at Thy command:
Let the fruitful yield Thee more,
Laden with a richer store.
- 3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated;
Plant the barren waste around.
Let Thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found.
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!

Thomas Kelly. 1809. a.

268 *Willkommen unter Deiner Schaar.* 8, 7.

- 1 WE hail Thee, Lord, Thy Church's Rock,
With joyful acclamation!
Thou Guardian Shepherd of Thy flock,
Come, feed Thy congregation.
We own the doctrine of Thy Cross
To be our sole foundation:
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.
- 2 O Thou, who always dost abide
Thy Church's Head and Savior,
Be still Thy servant's constant Guide,
Direct our whole behavior.

Thy statutes to Thy Church declare,
Still watch o'er its salvation :
Each member make Thy special care,
And aid him in his station.

- 3 Jesus, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd ledest,
And with Thy precious Blood and Word
Thy people richly feedest :
For mercies in such countless throng
We bow our hearts before Thee,
And hope we shall in heaven ere long
More worthily adore Thee.

From John Christian Jacobi. 1722.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1731.

269 *Zeuch ein zu Deinen Thoren.* **C. M.**

- 1 COME to Thy temple here on earth,
Be Thou our spirit's Guest,
Who givest us of mortal birth,
A second birth more blest :
Who with the Father and the Son
Art equally adored,
And reignest on an equal throne,
Blest Spirit, mighty Lord!
- 2 O enter, let us feel and know
Thy mighty power within,
That can alone our help bestow,
And rescue us from sin.
O cleanse our souls and make them white,
That we with spirits true
May daily honor Thee aright,
And render service due.
- 3 On Thee is all this world upstayed,
And in Thy hands doth rest :
Thou canst the wayward heart persuade
To turn as seems Thee best.

THE CHURCH.

O therefore give Thy Love and peace,
Join foes in stronger bands,
And let all sad divisions cease
Through our redeeméd lands.

- 4 Arise, and stem this tide of woe,
Of heartache, and of pain :
Call back Thy flock, and make them know
Bright days of joy again :
To peace and wealth the lands restore,
Wasted with Satan's sword :
And bid Thy churches bloom once more,
Thou everlasting Lord!

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1648.

270 *Festival of the Reformation.* **C. M.**

- 1 LORD, not to us, we claim it not,
To Thee be all the praise,
That no profane and sinful spot
Our mother Church o'erlays :
That, as in her primeval days,
From intermediate stain
Cleansed by Thy Word, to Thee she pays
Unsullied rites again.
- 2 To no material form confined,
A spirit pure alone,
We serve Thee not in likeness shined
Of bread, or wood, or stone :
Nor saint nor angel at Thy throne
We crave to intercede,
With Thee for our misdeeds atone,
With Thee for mercy plead.
- 3 But far remote we seek Thy face,
Hid in Thy heavenly seat :
And, sole Transmitter of Thy grace,
The Savior's Name entreat :

And thus to Thee with honor meet
 We hymn the grateful lay,
 Whose Word recalled our erring feet,
 And warned us how to pray.

- 4 To Thee, adored in ages past,
 Eternal One and Three,
 To Thee, whose worship aye shall last,
 In trinal Unity:
 To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
 And Thee, O Spirit blest,
 By saints on earth all glory be
 With saints in heaven address!

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

271

Ein feste Burg.

1. A SAFE Stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty Shield and Weapon:
 He helps us free from all the ill
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 Our old deadly foe
 Now aims his last blow:
 Deep guile and strong power
 He boasteth in this hour:
 On earth is not his equal.
- 2 By strength of ours can naught be done,
 Full soon we were down-ridden;
 But for us fights the valiant One,
 Whom God Himself hath bidden.
 Dost thou ask His name?
 Christ Jesus! the same
 Who rules with His rod;
 There is no other God:
 He holds the field forever.
- 3 Though Satan's hosts the earth should fill,
 All watching to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill;
 They cannot overpower us.

THE CHURCH.

- This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will;
His threats are but vain,
We shall unharmed remain:
A word shall overthrow him.
- 4 God's Word unshaken yet shall stand,
Whatever foes invade us.
He fighteth for us in the land,
With gifts and grace to aid us.
They may take our life,
Goods, fame, children, wife;
When their worst is done,
They have but little won:
The kingdom ours abideth!

From Thomas Carlyle. 1838.

And William M. Reynolds. 1863.

Tr. Martin Luther. 1529.

272

PSALM 137.

S. M.

- 1 I LOVE Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious Blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

273

H. M.

- 1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watch-word, Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our Sacrifice is one ;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone.
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head !
- 3 Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain !
- 4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew !
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

G. Robinson. 1843.-a.

274 *Herz und Herz vereint Zusammen.* 7s.

- 1 JESUS, truest Friend, unite
All Thy consecrated band,
That their hearts be set aright
To fulfil Thy last command.
- 2 Thou who dost command that all
Practise love who bear Thy name,
Wake the dead, new followers call,
Touch the slothful with Thy flame.
- 3 Let us live, O Lord, at one,
As Thou with the Father art;
That through all the world be none
Of Thy members left apart.
- 4 Let us find what Thou hast sought;
In the Son be all men freed,
And the world at last be taught
That Thy rule is blest indeed.
- 5 Father of all souls, we praise
Thee, who shinest in the Son;
Lord, to Thee our hymns we raise,
Who hast all men to Thee drawn!
Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.
Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1725.

275 *C. P. M.*

- 1 MAY we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
And do on earth our Father's will,
As angels do above:
Still walk in Christ, the living Way,
With all Thy children, and obey
The law of Christian love.
- 2 So may we join Thy Name to bless,
Thy grace adore, Thy power confess,
From sin and strife to flee:
One is our calling, one our name,
The end of all our hopes the same,
A crown of life with Thee.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Spirit of life, of love and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply :
To each of us the blessing give,
In Christian fellowship to live,
In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler. 1836. a.

276

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of all, from whom we trace
Our universal kind,
Teach us to all of human race
To show a brother's mind.
- 2 Savior of men, 'twas Thine the pain
Of death for all to bear ;
In concord all Thy followers train,
Meet for the name they share.
- 3 Spirit of grace, God's chosen fold
Who lavest with heavenly dew,
O grant that all, the Truth who hold,
May peace with all pursue.
- 4 O may mankind in love agree,
Sons of one parent stock ;
But chief may Christian verity
Connect the Christian flock !
- 5 May Truth to all who hear its sound
A bond of union prove ;
And fellowship of faith be crowned
With fellowship of love !
- 6 Paternal Godhead, praise to Thee,
Thy Spirit, and Thy Son !
And keep Thy Church in unity,
As Thou with them art one !

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

277

C. M.

- 1 Is God's peculiar people mine?
To them I then shall be
Gathered beneath the Savior's sign,
And Christ in glory see.
- 2 Gathered into the Church above,
Whoe'er to Christ belong
Shall meet to sing the song of love,
The Lamb's eternal song. *C. Wesley. 1762.*

278

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 3 The Church triumphant in Thy Love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The Holy to the Holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley. 1745. a.

279

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 5 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley. 1759. a.

280

C. M.

- 1 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice-happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee, the Heart;
Its life from Thee, the Soul.

James Montgomery. 1825.

281

C. P. M.

- 1 O God, in whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:

THE CHURCH.

For all Thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy holy Name.'

- 2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss.
Merciful Father! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

282

S. M.

- 1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They ail, in life or death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee:
- 5 With them the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to praise,
As in the ancient days was done,
And shall through endless days.

Richard Mant. 1837.

283

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Savior King;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let all the nations now behold
 Their Savior and their God.

Watts. 1709.

284

C. M.

- 1 How beautiful upon the hills
 The preacher's feet appear!
 How sweet the voice of peace distils
 In every open ear!
- 2 Glad tidings shall the meek receive;
 The bruised shall mourn no more;
 The deaf shall hear, the dead shall live,
 Riches shall bless the poor.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Thine every messenger, O God,
Do we rejoice to see;
And all who teach the Savior's Blood;
For these are dear to Thee.
- 4 We thank Thee now for sending here
The publishers of peace;
Speak by them, Lord, and everywhere
By them declare Thy grace.
- 5 So when the harvest-day shall come,
Sowers and reapers too
Shall enter Thy celestial home,
And Thee eternal view.

John Cennick. 1743. a.

285

C. P. M.

- 1 LORD of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy Word:
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Savior's Blood:
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them, a Messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above:
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

Edward Osler. 1836.

286

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold !
See, Lord, with tender pity see
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by Thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want :
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The sick and spiritless and faint.
- 3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good,
The great redeeming Shepherd art ;
Collect Thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after Thine own heart.
- 4 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free ;
That each may by Thy Spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."
- 5 A double portion from above
Of Thine all-quickening grace impart ;
Shed forth Thy universal love
In every faithful pastor's heart.

C. Wesley. 1742. a.

287

S. M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait ;
Our wants are in Thy view ;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

THE CHURCH.

4 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming Love.

C. Wesley. 1742. a.

288

L. M. 6 l.

LORD of the Gospel harvest, send
More laborers forth into Thy field:
More pastors teach, Thy flock to tend:
More workmen raise, Thy house to build:
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

C. Wesley. 1758.

289

Wach auf, Du Geist. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 AWAKE, thou Spirit, who didst fire
The watchmen of the Church's youth,
Who faced the foe's envenomed ire,
Who witnessed day and night Thy truth,
Whose voices loud are ringing still,
And bringing hosts to know Thy will.
- 2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray,
For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our day,
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
O help us, Lord! so let it be!
- 3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.
- 4 Would there were help within our walls!
O let Thy Spirit come again,

Before whom every barrier falls,
 And now once more shine forth as then !
 O rend the heavens and make us free !
 Come, Lord, and bring us back to Thee !

5 And let Thy Word have speedy course,
 Through every land be glorified,
 Till all the heathen know its force,
 And fill Thy churches far and wide ;
 Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
 And spread the conquests of Thy Word !

6 The Church's desert paths restore ;
 Let stumbling blocks that in them lie
 Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more :
 Error destroy, and heresy,
 And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
 Bloom as a garden fair to Thee !

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Charles Henry Bogatzky. 1749.

290 *Laying of a Corner-stone.* **7, 6, 8.**

1 THOU, who hast in Zion laid
 The true Foundation-Stone,
 And with those a covenant made
 Who build on that alone :
 Hear us, Architect divine !
 Great Builder of Thy Church below !
 Now upon Thy servants shine,
 Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine ; her thousand hills
 Thy mighty hand sustains ;
 Heaven Thy awful presence fills ;
 O'er all Thy glory reigns :
 Yet the place of all prepared
 By regal David's favored son,
 Thy peculiar blessing shared,
 And stood Thy chosen throne.

THE CHURCH.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving Name record;
Dedicate a house to Him
Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living Name:
That great Name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive;
Our temple make Thy throne.

Agnes Bulmer. 1831.

Dedication.

291 *Angulare Fundamentum.* 8, 7.

1 CHRIST, Thou art the sure Foundation,
Thou the Head and Corner-stone;
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one;
Thou Thy Zion's Help for ever,
And her Confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day!
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within these walls away.

3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever

With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

- 4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

From John Mason Neale. 1851.

292

8, 7.

- 1 COME Thou now, and be among us,
Lord and Maker, while we pray :
Let Thy presence fill the temple
Which we dedicate to-day ;
And, Thyself its Consecrator,
Dwell within its walls alway.
- 2 Grant that all Thy faithful people
May Thy truer temple be ;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit,
Know another Lord than Thee :
But, to Thee once dedicated,
Serve Thee everlastingly.
- 3 Bright be here the Monarch's altar,
With the presents that we bring ;
Held in holy veneration,
Rich with many an offering ;
Ever hallowed, ever quiet,
Ever dear to God its King.
- 4 Here our souls, as Thy true altars,
Deign to hallow and to bless,
O Thou future Judge of all men,
With Thy grace and holiness :
That Thy gifts, sent down from heaven,
We may evermore possess.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 Praise and honor to the Father ;
Praise and honor to the Son ;
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One ;
Consubstantial, coeternal,
While unending ages run.

Unknown. 1860.

293

7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery. 1825.

MISSIONS.

294

PSALM 96.

L. P. M.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's Name :
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all His saving works proclaim.

- 2 He framed the globe; He built the sky;
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there:
 His beams are majesty and light;
 His beauties, how divinely bright!
 His temple, how divinely fair!
- 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When each shall feel His saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear His Name:
 Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of His holiness,
 And in His courts His grace proclaim.
- Watts. 1719.*

295

PSALM 72.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His Love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more;
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Watts. 1719. a.

296

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, Thy greater Love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of Thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons. 1769.

297

8, 7.

- 1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze:
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Wide resound from pole to pole.

MISSIONS.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal Love proclaim,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy Name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

William Williams. 1772. a.

298

7, 6.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber. 1820.

299

PSALM 72.

7s.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous Love proclaim.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

300

L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!
 - 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
 - 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
 - 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
 - 5 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's Love fulfilled,
The Savior's sufferings crowned through Thee.
- James Montgomery. 1825.*

301

6, 4.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!
- 4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott. 1816.

302

For the Jews.

7, 6.

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning.
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

303

For our Land.

7s.

- 1 COME, divine Emmanuel, come,
Take possession of Thy home;
Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on Thy victory,
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea;
Rescue all Thy ransomed race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 Take the purchase of Thy Blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God:
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the gospel truth to obey:
- 4 Ears to hear the gospel sound,—
Grace doth more than sin abound;
God appeased, and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.
- 5 O that every soul might be
Perfectly subdued to Thee!
O that all in Thee might know
Everlasting life below!
- 6 Now Thy mercy's wings^d expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land:
Take possession of Thy home;
Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

304

7s.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night :
 Higher yet that star ascends !
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller, ages are its own ;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth !
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

305

78.

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed His sword ; He speaks—'tis done ;
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway:
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away:
 Then the end;—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery. 1825.

306

7, 6.

- 1 AND is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd, and one fold?
 Shall every idol perish,
 To moles and bats be thrown,
 And every prayer be offered
 To God in Christ alone?
- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer,
 Shall strife and tumult cease,
 All earth His blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace?

- 4 O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray!
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?
 O sweet anticipation!
 It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

H. L. L. 1863.

307 *Revelation* xv. 3, 4. **10, 11.**

- 1 How wondrous and great Thy works, God of
 praise!
 How just, King of saints, and true are Thy ways!
 O who shall not fear Thee, and honor Thy Name?
 Thou only art holy, Thou only supreme!

- 2 To nations long dark Thy light shall be shown;
 Their worship and vows shall come to Thy throne.
 Thy truth and Thy judgments shall spread all
 abroad,
 Till earth's every people confess Thee their God.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1832.

308 PSALM 117. **L. M.**

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends Thy Word.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Watts. 1719.

THE WORD OF GOD.

309

PSALM 19.

L. P. M.

- 1 I LOVE the volume of Thy Word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of Thy Law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis Thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain.
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read Thy Book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

Watts. 1719.

310

C. M.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This Lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *John Fawcett.* 1782.

311

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near.
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Savior there.

Anne Steele. 1760.

312

C. M.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat.
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper. 1779.

313 PSALM 119. **C. M.**

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still Thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy Word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age. *Watts. 1719.*

314 *Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Thau. C. M.*

- 1 THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.

Watered by Thee, let every tree
Forth blossom to Thy praise,
By grace of Thine bear fruit divine,
Through all the coming days.

2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth o'er all the earth,
To cleanse our hearts within,
To show Thy power in Satan's hour,
And break the might of sin.

3 Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads those to God who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light e'er sink in night;
In every spirit shine,
That none may miss heaven's final bliss,
Led by Thy light divine.

*From Miss Winkworth. 1855.
Tr. Carl Bernard Garve. 1825.*

315

C. M.

1 ACCEPT, O Lord, Thy servants' thanks
For Thy enlivening Word,
By Thy most Holy Spirit taught,
By holy prophets heard.
That Word in Thy recording Book
From age to age descends:
Her teaching here Thy Church begins,
And here her teaching ends.

2 Whate'er of truth the soul can need
To clear her darkling sight,
Whate'er to check the wandering feet,
And guide their course aright;

THE WORD.

- Whate'er of fear the bad to daunt,
Of hope the good to cheer :
All that may profit man, O Lord,
Thy bounty gives us here.
- 3 Joined with our household's little church,
And in our lonely hours,
And in the assembly of the saints,
That sacred Word be ours,
To read and hear, to mark and learn,
And inwardly digest :
And He who gave the Word, may He
On those who learn it, rest !
- 4 Thence on our hearts may lively faith
Celestial comfort pour,
With patience, lightener of our ills,
And hope that looks before :
That we, with Thy united Church,
May lift our souls above,
And with one mind and mouth proclaim
Thy glory, God of love !

Richard Mant. 1837.

BAPTISM.

316 *Leibster Jesu, wir sind hier 7, 8, 8.*

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken ;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to Thee it here is given ;
For of such shall be Thy heaven.
- 2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly ;
"He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Will my kingdom ne'er inherit."

- 3 Therefore hasten we to Thee ;
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it !
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never,
 Thine on earth and Thine forever.
- 4 Make it, Lord, Thy member now :
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it ;
 Prince of peace, its peace be Thou ;
 Way of life, to heaven lead it ;
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
 Be it graft in Thee for ever.
- 5 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure :
 Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
 Pour Thy blessing without measure ;
 Write the name we now have given,
 Write it in the book of heaven.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck. 1704.

317 *O Vaterherz.* **C. H. M.**

- 1 FATHER, who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray,
 Look on This babe, who at Thy call
 Is entering on life's way.
 Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
 And make Thou something out of naught.
- 2 O Son, who died for us, behold,
 We bring our child to Thee !
 Great Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,
 Thine own for aye to be :
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life.

- 3 Spirit, who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child:
 Give endless life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled:
 Grant it while yet a babe to be
 A child of God, a home for Thee!
- 4 O God, what Thou command'st is done:
 We speak, but Thine the might:
 This child, which scarce hath seen the sun,
 O pour on it Thy light,
 In faith and hope, in joy and love,
 Thou Sun of all below, above!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. *a.*

Tr. Albert Knapp. 1850.

318

C. M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And takes them in His arms!
- 1 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name:
 It was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
 And yield them up to Thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be!

Doddridge. 1755. *a.*

319

7s.

- 1 PARDONED through redeeming grace,
 In Thy blessed Son revealed,
 Worshipping before Thy face,
 Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son;
Quicken us in Him to live;
Lord, in us Thy will be done.
- 3 By the hallowed outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly Thine;
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.
- 4 Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

Edward Osler. 1836.

CONFIRMATION.

320

8, 7.

- 1 BLESSED Savior, who hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
All these years Thy hand hath brought me,
Since I first was made Thine own.
Safely brought me, though so often
I have wandered from Thy fold;
Striving thus my heart to soften,
And, as Thou wouldst have it, mould.
- 2 Others vowed and promised for me
That Thy law I should obey;
They have warned me, sorrowing o'er me,
When I wandered from Thy way.
But Thy holy Church commandeth
Me myself to take that vow;
And Thy faithful servant standeth
Waiting to receive it now.

RENEWAL OF THE BAPTISMAL COVENANT.

- 3 Many foes will straight assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know, until I die.
Keep me from my own undoing;
Let me turn to Thee when tried:
Faint, if needs, but still pursuing,
Never venturing from Thy side.
- 4 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
O my only Guard from harm!
Meet me now with Thy salvation,
In Thy Church's ordered way;
Let me feel Thy Confirmation
In Thy truth and fear to-day:
- 5 So that might and wisdom gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and ever more remaining
In the catholic belief,
Resting in my Savior's merit,
Strengthened with the Spirit's strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my Father's joy at length.

John Mason Neale. 1846. a.

321 *Ich bin getauft auf Deinem Namen. 8, 7.*

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
I'm baptized in Thy dear Name;
In the seed Thou dost inherit,
With the people Thou dost claim,
I am reckoned;
And for me the Savior came.

- 2 Thou receivest me, O Father,
 As a child and heir of Thine;
 Jesus, Thou who died'st, yea, rather
 Ever livest, Thou art mine.
 Thou, O Spirit,
 Art my Guide, my Light divine.
- 3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
 Truth, obedience, love to Thee;
 I have vows upon Thine altar,
 Ever Thine alone to be:
 And forever
 Sin and all its lusts to flee.
- 4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken
 In this covenant shall take place;
 But if I, alas! have broken
 These my vows, hide not Thy face;
 And from falling
 O restore me by Thy grace!
- 5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender
 All I have, and all I am;
 Make my heart more true and tender,
 Glorify in me Thy Name.
 Let obedience
 To Thy will be all my aim.
- 6 Help me in this high endeavor,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Bind my heart to Thee forever,
 Till I join the heavenly host.
 Living, dying,
 Let me make in Thee my boast.

Charles W. Schaeffer. 1860.

Tr. John Jacob Rumbach. 1724.

322

L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

323

C. M.

- 1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all!
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

4 May the dear Blood, once shed for me,
My blest Atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy Love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given:
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Brydges. 1848.

324

H. M.

1 BAPTIZED into Thy Name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim,
A sacrifice to Thee;
And let us live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The real holiness;
And then receive us up, to adore
The Triune God for evermore.

C. Wesley. 1767.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

325

C. M.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice !
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy Love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery. 1825.

326

S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board :
Here those He died to save may hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one :
We are the children of His Love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body with its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious Name to raise :
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise !

Watts. 1709. a.

327

L. M.

- 1 My God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for us the victim slain?
Are we forbid the children's Bread?
- 4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With warm desire let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

328

C. M.

- 1 O God unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy Love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler. 1836.

329

C. H. M.

- 1 LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for Thee.
- 2 Thy Body for our ransom given,
Thy Blood in mercy shed,—
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed:
And as we round Thine altar kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.
- 3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

Unknown. 1852. a.

330

7, 6, 7.

- 1 JESUS, Master of the Feast,
The Feast itself Thou art!
Now receive Thy every guest,
And comfort every heart!
Give us living Bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down;
See us waiting at Thy feet,
And make Thy favor known.

- 2 In this earthly wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Richly filled with every grace
 Our fainting souls can need:
 Still sustain us by Thy Love,
 Still Thy servants' strength repair,
 Till we reach Thy courts above,
 And feast forever there.

C. Wesley. 1745. a.

331

O Esca viatorum.

7, 6.

- 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
 Richer than angels eat,
 O Manna sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled;
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled!
- 2 O Fountain, life-bestowing,
 From out the Savior's heart,
 A Fountain purely flowing,
 A Fount of Love Thou art!
 Oh let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage!
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.
- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see!

Ray Palmer. 1858. a.

332

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

7s.

- 1 Lo, upon the altar lies
Bread of heaven from the skies :
Food to mortal wanderers given,
To the sons and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep !
Thou Thy flock in safety keep.
Living Bread ! Thy life supply,
Strengthen us, or else we die.
- 3 Thou, who feedest us below !
Source of all we have or know !
Grant that with Thy saints above
We may reach Thy feast of love !

From Edward Caswall. 1848.

Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

333

Adoro Te devote.

L. M.

- 1 WITH all the powers my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
I come, dear Lord, to worship Thee,
Whom so much Love bowed low for me.
- 2 O dear memorial of that Death
Which still survives, and gives us breath !
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My food, my joy, my all to me !
- 3 Come, glorious Lord ! my hopes increase,
And mix my portion with Thy peace !
Come, and forever dwell in me,
That I may only live to Thee.
- 4 Come, hidden life, and that long day
For which I languish, come away !
When this dry soul Thy face shall see,
And drink the unsealed Source of Thee :

- 5 When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
And for Thy veil, give me Thy face;
Then shall my praise eternal be
To the eternal Trinity!

Theophilus Dorrington. 1686. a.

From Richard Crashaw. 1646.

Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

334

Trochaic 6, 5.

Adoro Te devote.

- 1 HUMBLY I adore Thee, blessed Savior, now;
Thee my Lord confessing, and my God, I bow.
Give me ever stronger faith in Thee above,
Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.
- 2 O most sweet memorial of His Death and woe,
Living Bread, which givest life to men below,
Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,
And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give!
- 3 Jesus, whom thus veiled I must see below,
When shall that be given which I long for so,
That at last beholding Thy uncovered face,
Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace?

John Mason Neale. 1851. a.

Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

335

Trochaic 7, 6.

- 1 SUFFERING Savior, Lamb of God,
How hast Thou been used!
With the Almighty's wrathful rod
Soul and body bruised!
- 2 We, for whom Thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce Thee,
Now commemorate Thy pain,
And implore Thy mercy.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Thine's an everlasting Love :
We have sorely tried Thee.
Whom have we in heaven above,
Whom on earth beside Thee?
- 4 What can helpless sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Naught have we to look unto,
But the Blood of Jesus.
- 5 Pardon all our baseness, Lord ;
All our weakness pity :
Guide us safely by Thy Word
To the heavenly city.
- 6 O sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary.
Feed us with Thy Flesh and Blood,
When we're faint and weary.
- 7 Bid us call to mind Thy Cross
Our hard hearts to soften.
Often, Savior, feast us thus ;
For we need it often.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

336

7s.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Joseph Conder. 1836. a.

*After Communion.*337 *Wie wohl hast Du gelabet.*

7, 6.

- 1 O LIVING Bread from heaven,
 How hast Thou fed Thy guest!
 The gifts Thou now hast given
 Have filled my heart with rest.
 O wondrous Food of blessing,
 O Cup that heals our woes!
 My heart, this gift possessing,
 In thankful song o'erflows.
- 2 My Lord, Thou here hast led me
 Within Thy holiest place,
 And there Thyself hast fed me
 With treasures of Thy grace:
 And Thou hast freely given
 What earth could never buy,
 The Bread of Life from heaven,
 That now I shall not die!
- 3 Thou givest all I wanted,
 The Food can death destroy;
 And Thou hast freely granted
 The Cup of endless joy.
 Ah, Lord, I do not merit
 The favor Thou hast shown,
 And all my soul and spirit
 Bow down before Thy throne!
- 4 Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened
 With heavenly Food, while here
 My course on earth is lengthened,
 I serve with holy fear:
 And when Thou callest my spirit
 To leave this world below,
 I enter, through Thy merit,
 Where joys unmingled flow.

*From Miss Winkworth. 1858.**Tr. John Rist. 1651.*

338

Trochaic 7, 6.

- 1 LORD, accept our feeble praise
For the banquet given;
Though unworthy, we would raise
Hearts and hands to heaven.
- 2 Of the streams of grace divine
We have now been tasting:
On the mystic bread and wine
With rich comfort feasting.
- 3 Meat indeed Thy Flesh we find,
Drink Thy Blood so precious;
Jesus, Savior, Thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious!
- 4 On our guilty souls Thy rod
Falls with gentle chidings;
And Thou healest with Thy Blood
All our great backslidings.
- 5 May we to Thy bleeding Cross
Soul and body fasten;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To His coming hasten.
- 6 None from trials are below
Totally exempted;
All-sufficient grace bestow,
Succor, Lord, the tempted.
- 7 To Thy Name, for evermore,
Be all glory given;
None on earth will we adore,
None but Thee in heaven.

Unknown. 1757.

339

H. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with living Wine,
And everlasting Bread,

Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

- 2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy goodness prove;
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold, without a veil, Thy face.

C. Wesley. 1745. a.

CALLING.

340

C. M.

- 1 THE Savior calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound.
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain.
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy Love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele. 1760.

341

C. M.

- 1 THE King of heaven His table spreads,
And dainties crown the board.
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich Blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And Grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet are His house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready: enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame.
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's Name.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

342

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1826.

343

L. M.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest, that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus! we come at Thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Watts. 1709.

344

7s.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

CALLING.

- 2 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1795.

345

7s.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott. 1773.

346

7s.

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls His wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
Answer to the Savior's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

- 3 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our sin and care:
To Thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.
- 5 Lo, we come to Thee for ease;
True and gracious as Thou art,
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

C. Wesley. 1746. a.

347

8, 7, 7.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the Fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all;
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Savior died.
- 2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:

God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery. 1825.

348

Gott rufet noch!

L. M.

- 1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?
- 2 God calling yet?—shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet!—and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still:—my heart, awake!
- 5 Ah, yield Him all; in Him confide:
Where but with Him doth peace abide?
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,
And let the spirit rise to heaven!
- 6 God calling yet!—I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

From H. L. L. 1853.

Tr. Gerhard Tersteegen. ab. 1730.

REPENTANCE.

349

7s.

- 1 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs.
O restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own.
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

John Taylor. 1799.

350

C. M.

- 1 O Thou whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn.
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,

Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights, which never cloy.
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy! [Anne Steele. 1760.

351

C. M.

1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His Word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous Love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pardoning Love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
Oh, keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele. 1760.

352

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning Love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And bid my broken heart rejoice.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Watts. 1719. a.

353

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

REPENTANCE.

- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 7 O may Thy Love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Watts. 1719.

354

H. M.

- 1 WHENCE shall my tears begin?
What first-fruits shall I bear
Of sorrow for my sin,
Or how my woes declare?
O Thou, the ever-gracious One!
Forgive the sins that I have done.
- 2 Thou formedst me of clay,
O heavenly Potter! Thou
In flesh didst me array,
With life and breath endow.
Thou who dost make, redeem, and know,
To me, Thy creature, pity show!
- 3 I lie before Thy door,
O turn me not away!
Nor give Thy servant o'er
To Satan for a prey!
But ere the term of life and grace,
Do Thou my many sins efface!

- 4 Thou spotless Lamb divine,
 Who takest sin away,
 Remove the load that mine
 Upon my conscience lay;
 And of Thy mercy grant Thou me
 Remission of iniquity!

*John Mason Neale. 1862. a.
 Tr. Andrew of Crete. ab. 700.*

355

S. M.

- 1 And wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
 A sinner such as I?
 Although Thy book his crimes record
 Of such a crimson dye?
- 2 So deep are they engraved,
 So terrible their fear;—
 The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
 And where shall I appear?
- 3 My soul, make all things known
 To Him who all things sees;
 That so the Lamb may yet atone
 For thine iniquities.
- 4 O Thou, Physician blest,
 Make clean my guilty soul!
 And me, by many a sin opprest,
 Restore, and keep me whole!
- 5 I know not how to praise
 Thy mercy and Thy Love;
 But deign Thy servant to upraise,
 And I shall learn above.

*John Mason Neale. 1862.
 Tr. Joseph of the Studium. ab. 860.*

- 1 THE abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in :
Like billows my transgressions roll ;—
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul !
And to salvation's harbor bring,
Thou Savior and Thou glorious King !
- 2 My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought :—
I cry to Thee, who lovest men,
O pity and receive again !
- 3 In hunger now, no more possess
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see,
Who yet would fain return to Thee !
And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
To Thy dear Love the hymn of praise !
- 4 With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for Thy mercy's sake !
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most high !
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again !
- 5 Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer :—
O Thou, who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace !

John Mason Neale. 1862.

Tr. Joseph of the Studium. ab. 860.

357

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in !
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more :
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

C. Wesley. 1749.

358

L. M.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Savior of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The Cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying Love.

REPENTANCE.

- 4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!
C. Wesley. 1742.

359

C. P. M.

- 1 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
My future bliss to insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

C. Wesley. 1749.

369

S. M.

- 1 O THOU who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity. *C. Wesley.* 1749.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

361

7, 6, 8.

1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

C. Wesley. 1742.

362

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open Thine arms, and take me in!
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 The mansion for Thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 4 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 5 What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died."

C. Wesley. 1739. a.

363

L. M.

- 1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face?
How in Thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?
- 2 What have I, Lord, wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.
- 3 Guilty I stand before Thy face;
On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but O, Thy Son hath died!

- 4 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the Tree;
Beneath our curse He bowed His head;
'Tis finished! He hath died for me!
- 5 See where before Thy throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there!
- 6 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with Him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.
C. Wesley. 1740.

364

C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless Righteousness I plead,
And His availing Blood;
Thy Righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy Merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1759. a.

365

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word;
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."
- 2 My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
- 264 O help my unbelief!

- 3 To the dear fountain of Thy Blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall;
 Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my All. *Watts. 1709. a.*

366

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
 Thy fallen creature's cry:
 And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
 And set me up on high:
 From hell's oppressive power
 My struggling soul release;
 And to Thy Father's grace restore,
 And to Thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy Blood and Righteousness
 I make my only plea;
 My present and eternal peace
 Are both derived from Thee:
 Rivers of life divine
 From Thee, their Fountain, flow;
 And all who know that Love of Thine,
 The joy of angels know.
- 3 O then, impute, impart
 To me Thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good Thou art,
 How full of truth and grace:
 That Thou canst here forgive
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

C. Wesley. 1746.

367

C. M.

- 1 IF Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 2 I know in Thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!
- 3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 4 I too with Thee shall walk in white,
With all Thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect Love.

C. Wesley. 1740.

368

C. M.

- 1 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favorite Jesus' Name.
- 2 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for every wound,—
All, all I want is there.

C. Wesley. 1740.

369

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a narrow, narrow path
Is that which leads on high!
How shall our wandering feet attain
Those mansions in the sky?

- 2 Thou, Lord, who art Thyself the Way,
Who once didst feel our fears,
And conquer in temptation's day,
With groans and cries and tears,—
- 3 Do Thou direct our feeble hearts
To trust Thee for the whole;
The work of grace, in all its parts,
Accomplish in our soul.
- 4 The Holy Ghost within us breathe,
Life, light, and power instil,
And, through Thy gift of saving faith,
Work in us all Thy will.

From Joseph Hart. 1759.

370

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

John Newton. 1779.

371

S. M.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found :
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

372

L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

373

7s.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

374

7, 6.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me émbresses,
I on His breast recline.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar. 1853.

375

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, though I have sinned, with Thee
An Advocate I have:
Jesus the Just shall plead for me,
The sinner Christ shall save.
- 2 Pardon and peace in Him I find;
But not for me alone:
The Lamb was slain: for all mankind
His Blood did once atone.

- 3 My soul is on Thy promise cast,
And lo ! I claim my part :
The universal pardon's past ;
O seal it on my heart !
- 4 Thou canst not now Thy grace deny ;
Thou canst not but forgive :
Lord, if Thy justice asks me why—
In Jesus I believe. *C. Wesley. 1740. a.*

376

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine :
Thy Death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine.
- 2 Now justified in Thee I am ;
My sins are all forgiven :
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On Thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.
- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the Blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 5 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On Thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
Where faith in sight shall end.

C. Wesley. 1740, 1742. a.

377

C. M.

- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.

- 2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 The Atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley. 1740.

378

L. M.

- 1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless Love!
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Ah Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable!

- 7 First-born of many brethren Thou !
 To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow :
 To Thee our hearts and hands we give.
 Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

John Wesley. 1740.

From the German.

379 *Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.* **L. M.**

- 1 JESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great Day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully through these absolved I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years :
 No age can change its constant hue ;
 Thy Blood preserves it ever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
 Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice !
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness !

John Wesley. 1740.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.

380 *Continued.* **L. M.**

- 1 LORD, I believe Thy precious Blood,
 Which at the mercy-seat of God
 Forever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul was shed.
- 2 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, even me to atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

- 3 Carnal, and sold to sin no more
I am; hell's tyranny is o'er:
The immortal soul remains within,
And born of God I'm freed from sin.
- 4 Yet nought whereof to boast I have;
All, all Thy mercy freely gave:
No works, no righteousness are mine;
All is Thy work, and only Thine.
- 5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

John Wesley. 1740. a.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.

381 *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden. L.M.61.*

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee:
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

John Wesley. 1740.

Tr. John Andrew Rothe. 1731.

382

*Continued.**L. M. 6 l.*

- 1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Savior's breast:
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone;
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.
- 3 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and strength decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away.
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting Love.

*John Wesley. 1740. a.**Tr. John Andrew Rothe. 1731.*

PEACE AND JOY.

383

PSALM 32.

S. M.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
 Whose sins are covered o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

- 3 Let sinners learn to pray;
 Let saints keep near the throne.
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone. [*Watts.* 1719,

384

PSALM 1.

S. M.

- 1 THE man is ever blest,
 Who shuns the sinner's ways;
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's place:
 2 But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amidst the labors of the day,
 And watches of the night.
 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root;
 Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
 His works are heavenly fruit.
 4 Not so the ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.
 5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment-seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
 In full assembly meet?
 6 He knows and He approves
 The way the righteous go:
 But sinners and their works shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow. [*Watts.* 1719.

385

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround His throne.

PEACE AND JOY.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love :
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin :
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
The men of grace have found -
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. *Watts. 1709. a.*

386 *Proverbs III: 13, 17.* *C. M.*

- 1 How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce. 1770.

387

S. M.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
" 'Tis with the righteous well."

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die.

3 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

4 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

5 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying Love:
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

John Kent. 1803. a.

388

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Sing, ye little flock and blest:
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick. 1742. a.

389

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. *Watts. 1709.*

390

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah, whither could we fly for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell. 1834.

391

6, 8, 4.

- 1 THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!

PEACE AND JOY.

Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abram praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower

3 The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all His ways:

He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' Blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:

I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
Forevermore. *Thomas Olivers. 1772.*

SANCTIFICATION AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CONSECRATION.

392

S. M.

1 My Maker and my King!
To Thee my all I owe.

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

18

281

- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of Thy hand,
 On Thee alone I live.
 My God! Thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O what can I impart,
 When all is Thine before?
 Thy Love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold Thy due?
 And shall my passions rove?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with Thy love.
- 6 O let Thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
 And all my days be Thine.

Anne Steele. 1760.

393

PSALM 119.

C. M.

- 1 Thou art my Portion, O my God!
 Soon as I know Thy way,
 My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of Thy grace
 I set before mine eyes:
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

CONSECRATION.

- 4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine:
O save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My hope is in Thy Word.
- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

Watts. 1719.

394

L. M.

- 1 *AN*, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways.
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele. 1760.

395

L. M.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend!
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'T is to my Savior I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

Doddridge. 1755.

396

S. M.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see:
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee!
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all, be Thou the End!
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

CONSECRATION.

- 4 If done to obey Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

John Wesley. 1739.

From George Herbert. 1632.

397 *Höchster Priester, der Du Dich.* 7s.

- 1 GREAT High-Priest, who deignedst to be
Once the Sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.
- 2 As Thy Love accepteth nought
Save what Love itself hath wrought,
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.
- 3 Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly lust and passion kill:
Tear all sin from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.
- 4 So may God the Righteous brook
On my sacrifice to look:
In whose sight no gift has worth,
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.

Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

398 *L. M.*

- 1 My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.
- 2 Too much to Thee I cannot give:
Too much I cannot do for Thee:
Let all Thy Love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart forever be!

John Wesley. 1740.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

399

C. M.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly Thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive!
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move
And be with Christ in God.

C. Wesley. 1739.

400

7s.

- 1 God of all-redeeming grace,
By Thy pardoning Love compelled,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
Unto Thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through Thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.
- 3 Just it is, and good, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine;
In Thy only will unite,
In Thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that every thought and word
Might proclaim how good Thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart.

C. Wesley. 1745.

CONSECRATION.

401

S. M.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

C. Wesley. 1762.

402

7s.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel:
All I think, and speak, and do;
Take my heart, but make it new!
- 4 Now, O God, Thine own I am:
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone.
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still, if Thine I die.

C. Wesley. 1745.

- 1 How blesséd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand!
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won:
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified!
- 4 How happily the working-days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

H. L. L. 1853.

Tr. Charles John Spitta. d. 1859.

404

6, 4.

- 1 O THOU best Gift of Heaven!
Thou who Thyself hast given,—
For Thou hast died!
This Thou hast done for me:
What have I done for Thee,
Thou Crucified?
 - 2 I long to serve Thee more:
Reveal an open door,
Savior, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in Thy Cross,
And follow Thee.
 - 3 Do Thou but point the way,
And give me strength to obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am Thine. [Unknown. 1858.
-

HOLINESS.

405

*Rerum Creator omnium.**S. M.*

- 1 CREATOR of mankind,
Thy promised help we claim,
That so our life Thou mayst not find
Unworthy of our name.
- 2 If Thou Thy grace deny,
We cannot rightly strive;
In Thee alone to sin we die,
In Thee alone we live.
- 3 Our goings, Lord, uphold,
Till this dark vale be passed;
Till through temptations manifold
We reach Thy rest at last.

4 O happy, peaceful rest,
Prepared for saints above,
Where they with all Thy joys are blest,
And drink Thy streams of Love!

5 O Trinity divine,
To Thee our hearts we raise:
May we with saints in glory shine,
And share their songs of praise!

John Chandler. 1837. a.

406

S. M.

1 God of eternal Love,
Our Father and our Friend,
We lift our hearts to Thee above:
Do Thou our prayer attend.

2 Baptized into Thy Name,
We all have Christ put on:
O may Thy love our hearts inflame,
The course of truth to run.

3 May carnal feelings die,
And fruits of faith increase;
And Adam's nature prostrate lie
Before the Prince of Peace.

4 Endue us, Lord, with strength,
To triumph over sin:
That we may with Thy saints at length
Eternal glory win. [Unknown. 1859.]

407

L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

HOLINESS.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

Watts. 1709.

408

PSALM 19.

7s.

1 BLEST Instructor! from Thy ways,
Who can tell, how oft he strays!
Save from error's growth my mind;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge me from the guilt, that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by Thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by Thee;
To Thine all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

4 So my lot shall ne'er be joined
With the men, whose impious mind,
Fearless of Thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of Thy hand.

5 While I thus Thy Name adore,
And Thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow Thine ear!
God, my Strength, propitious hear!

James Merrick. 1765.

409

L. M.

- 1 MY God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the Voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. *Watts. 1709.*

410

PSALM 119.

C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will !
- 2 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep ;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- 4 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road :
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God. *Watts. 1719. a.*

411

PSALM 15.

7s.

- 1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In Thy holy place shall rest ?

HOLINESS.

- 2 He whose heart Thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to Thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run:
He whose word and thought are one:
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by Thee ordained;
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself has done;
He, great God, shall be Thy care,
And Thy choicest blessings share.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

From James Merrick. 1765.

412

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign Hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele. 1760. a.

413

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. 1779.

414

C. M.

- 1 O COULD I find from day to day
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon His Word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy Love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

Unknown. 1799.

415

Hier legt mein Sinn.

L. M.

- 1 MY soul before Thee prostrate lies;
To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O let Thy presence set me free!

- 2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With Thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in Thy will let mine be lost.
- 3 In life's short day let me yet more
Of Thy enlivening power implore:
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 4 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all Thy commands to do;
Ah, deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in Thee even now am blest.
- 5 When my warmed thoughts I fix on Thee,
And plunge me in Thy mercy's sea,
Then even on me Thy face shall shine,
And quicken this dead heart of mine.
- 6 So even in storms my zeal shall grow;
So shall I Thy hid sweetness know;
And feel, what endless age shall prove,
That Thou, my Lord, my God, art Love.

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Christian Frederic Ritcher. ab. 1700.

416

L. M.

- 1 O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase sloth and slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.
Rise, Lord, stir up Thy quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more.

- 4 Single of heart O may I be !
 Nothing may I desire but Thee ;
 Far, far from me the world remove,
 And all that holds me from Thy Love !

*John Wesley. 1739. a.
 From the German.*

417

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels Thy Blood,
 So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best Name of Love.

C. Wesley. 1742. a.

418

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear ;
 O for a tender dread of sin,
 A pain to feel it near !

HOLINESS.

2 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
Nor let me wander far away,
Nor ever grieve Thy Love.

5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the Blood again.
Which makes the wounded whole.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

419

S. M.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name:
A zealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

4 I rest upon Thy Word;
Thy promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect Love.

C. Wesley. 1742.

420

S. M.

1 God of almighty Love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I speak or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
Thy ever-blessed Name:
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on Thee alone;
Thy Name be praised on earth, on high:
Thy will by all be done!

C. Wesley. 1749.

421

7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me!
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
 - 2 Happy only in Thy Love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
 - 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.
 - 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the Cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God!
James Montgomery. 1825.
-

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

422

7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered Thee, when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging Love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper. 1779.

423 *Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.* 8, 7, 7.

- 1 LORD, Thine image Thou didst lend me,
In Thy never-fading Love;
When I fell, yet Thou didst send me
Full Redemption from above.
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity!
- 2 Love, who hast for me enduréd
All the pains of death and hell;
Love, whose sufferings have procuréd
More for me than tongue can tell;
Love almighty and divine,
I would be forever Thine!
- 3 Love, my Life and my Salvation,
Light and Truth, eternal Word!
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford.
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity!
- 4 Love, who will hereafter raise me
From the grave and bed of dust;
Love, whose final zeal arrays me

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

With a garland 'mid the just;
Love almighty and divine,
May I be forever Thine!

John Christian Jacobi. 1722. a.
Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

424

L. M. 6 l.

O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht.

1 JESUS, Thy boundless Love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there!

John Wesley. 1739. a.
Tr. Paul Gerhardt. ab. 1650.

425

Continued.

L. M. 6 l.

1 O DRAW me, Savior, after Thee!
So shall I run and never tire.
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire.
Free me from every weight: nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

- 2 From all eternity, with Love
 Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed.
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued.
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.
- 3 Still let Thy Love point out my way;
 How wondrous things Thy Love hath wrought!
 Sitll lead me, lest I go astray;
 Direct my work, inspire my thought;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that Love is near.
- 4 In suffering be Thy Love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy Love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died!

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. ab. 1650.

426 *Ich will Dich lieben. L. M. 6 l.*

- 1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and Thee alone:
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace

LOVE.

Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

427

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am Thy Love, Thy God, Thy All!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy Love, be all my choice.

John Wesley. 1736.

From the German.

428

78.

- 1 OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 I to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee.
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die!
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.
- 3 Whilst I see Thy Love to me,
 Every object teems with joy;
 Here, O may I walk with Thee,
 Then into Thy presence die.
 Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness!
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below, and heaven above.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.

429

C. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
 I long, I thirst, I yearn to prove
 The greatness of redeeming Love,
 The Love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His Love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light

LOVE.

Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the Love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

430

C. M.

1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All !
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
Thy brighter beams create my noon ;
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 To Thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode.
Thanks to Thy Name for meaner things ;
But they are not my God.

4 If I possessed the spacious earth,
And called the stars my own ;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore;
 Grant me to see Thy blissful face,
 And I desire no more. [Watts. 1709. a.]

431

C. M.

- 1 My God, the Spring of all my joys,
 The Life of my delights,
 The Glory of my brightest days,
 And Comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's bright Morning-Star,
 And He my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 When Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.

Watts. 1709. a.

432

O Deus, ego amo Te.

C. M.

- 1 My God, I love Thee; not because
 I hope for heaven thereby;
 Nor because they who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me
 Upon the Cross embrace;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;

LOVE.

- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Edward Caswall. 1848.

Tr. Francis Xavier. d. 1552.

TRUST.

433

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a Faith that will not shrink,
Though prest by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod:
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile:
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste even here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1830. a.

434

PSALM 62.

L. M.

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone:
My rock and refuge is His throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.
- 2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.
- 3 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust.
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?
- 4 Once has His awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard:
"All power is His eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."
- 5 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

Watts. 1719.

435

PSALM 71.

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King?
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 5 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Watts. 1719.

436

PSALM 73.

C. M.

- 1 God, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

- 4 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to Thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ.
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy. *Watts. 1719.a.*

436

C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of good! To Thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let Thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide!
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill:
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unasked, let mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick. d. 1769.

438

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift;
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

TRUST.

- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought
Or righteous work is Thine.
- 4 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move and live:
Our God is all in all.

C. Wesley. 1749.

439

L. M.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:
- 2 Send down, O Lord! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold Thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to Thy heavenly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possest of boundless bliss in Thee.

Henry Moore. 1806.

440

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of lights, Thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

- 2 O'erwhelmed with justest fear, again
To Thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By Thee unsaved, we fall.
- 3 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to Thee!
- 4 Our only Help in danger's hour,
Our only Strength Thou art;
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.
- 5 Us from ourselves thou canst secure
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By Thy sufficient grace.
- 6 If on Thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend;
Thou surely wilt preserve Thine own,
And keep us to the end.

C. Wesley. 1767. a.

441

8,7.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more!
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Death of death and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams. 1774. a.

442

C. M.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give :
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live !
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more !
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe !
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high !
 We know no help but Thee :
 O help us so to live and die
 As Thine in heaven to be !

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

443

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
 Whose Love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious Hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

William Cowper. 1779.

444 *Mein Jesu, wie Du willst.* **6s.**

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 O may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy Word
 Let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy Will be done !
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear :
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 When death itself draws nigh,
 To Thy dear wounded side
 I would for refuge fly.
 Leaning on Thee, to go
 Where Thou before hast gone:
 The rest as Thou shalt please:
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me:
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Thus to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

H. L. L., 1853.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck.

445 *Wer Gott vertraut. Iambic 8, 7.*

- 1 Who puts his trust in God most just
 Hath built his house securely;
 He who relies on Jesus Christ,
 Heaven shall be his most surely.
 Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
 Whose truth can never alter;
 While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart
 Shall make my courage falter.
- 2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
 A dauntless front I'll show them:
 My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
 Who soon shalt overthrow them!
 And if but Thee I have in me
 With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
 Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
 Shalt hurt me, through Thy merit.

- 3 I rest me here without a fear;
 By Thee shall all be given
 That I can need, O faithful God,
 For this life or for heaven.
 O make me true, my heart renew,
 My soul and flesh deliver!
 Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
 Keep me in peace forever.

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a.

Tr. Joachim Madgeburg. d. 1560.

446 *Was von aussen und von innen.* **7s.**

- 1 LORD, Thou art my Rock of strength,
 And my home is in Thy arms.
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms.
 Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown:
 Up to Thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are Thine own.
- 2 On Thee, O my God, I rest,
 Letting life float calmly on;
 For I know the last is best,
 When the crown of joy is won.
 In Thy might all things I bear,
 In Thy Love find bitter sweet,
 And with all my grief and care
 Sit in patience at Thy feet.
- 3 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me; keep me close to Thee;
 In the peace Thy Love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally.
 Be my All: in all I do
 Let me only seek Thy will.
 Where the heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, calm and still.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

316 *Tr. August Herman Francke. d. 1727.*

- 1 If God Himself be for me,
 I may a host defy;
 For when I pray, before me
 My foes confounded fly.
 If Christ, the Head, befriend me,
 If God be my support,
 The mischief they intend me
 Shall quickly come to naught.
- 2 I build on this foundation,
 That Jesus and His Blood
 Alone are my salvation,
 The true eternal good:
 Without Him, all that pleases
 Is valueless on earth:
 The gifts I owe to Jesus
 Alone my love are worth.
- 3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
 Within my willing heart,
 Tames it when it rebelleth,
 And soothes the keenest smart.
 He crowns His work with blessing,
 And helpeth me to cry
 "My Father!" without ceasing
 To Him who reigns on high.
- 4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
 Sweet words of soothing power,
 How God to him that seeketh
 For rest, hath rest in store.
 How God Himself prepareth
 My heritage and lot,
 And though my body weareth,
 My heaven shall fail me not.

Unknown. 1859.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1664.

448

*Continued.**S. M.*

- 1 HERE I can firmly rest;
 I dare to boast of this,
 That God, the Highest and the Best,
 My Friend and Father is.
- 2 From dangerous snares He saves:
 Where'er He bids me go
 He checks the storms and calms the waves,
 Nor lets aught work me woe.
- 3 At cost of all I have,
 At cost of life and limb,
 I cling to God, who yet shall save;
 I will not turn from Him.
- 4 The world may fail and flee;
 Thou, God, my Father art!
 Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
 My trusting soul shall part.
- 5 No joys that angels know;
 No throne or wide-spread fame,
 No love or loss, no fear or woe,
 No grief of heart or shame—
- 6 Man cannot aught conceive,
 Of pleasure or of harm,
 That e'er shall tempt my soul to leave
 Her refuge in Thine arm.

*Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.**Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1664.*

449

C. M.

- 1 I KNOW Thy thoughts are peace toward me;
 Safe am I in Thy hands;
 Firmly I build my hope on Thee,
 For sure Thy counsel stands!
- 2 Whate'er Thy Word hath promised, all
 Wilt Thou full surely give;
 Wherefore from Thee I will not fall;
- 318 Thy Word doth make me live.

TRUST.

3 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows Thee in pious trust
Shall reach the goal at last.

4 Though strange and winding seems the way,
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.

Tr. — Drewes. 1797.

450

L. M.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led;
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run;
But Thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

C. Wesley. 1740.

451

PSALM 31.

S. M.

- 1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Savior, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

452

PSALM 121.

H. M.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
- | | | |
|------------------|--|-------------------|
| God is the Tower | | His grace is nigh |
| To which I fly; | | In every hour. |
- 2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
- | | | |
|--------------------|--|--------------------|
| Those wakeful eyes | | Shall Israel keep |
| That never sleep | | When dangers rise. |
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

TRUST IN GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

Thou art my Sun,		To guard my head
And Thou my Shade,		By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath.

I'll go and come,		Till from on high
Nor fear to die,		Thou call me home.

Watts. 1719.

453

7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise!
 All my times are in Thy hand,
 All events at Thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb;
 Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:
 All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by Thy wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;
 Times of penury and wealth;
 Times of trial and of grief;
 Times of triumph and relief:
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove,
 Times to taste a Savior's Love:
 All must come, endure, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
 Unto Thee my life I trust;
 Know that Thou art God alone;
 I and mine are all Thine own.
- 6 Thee at all times will I bless:
 Having Thee, I all possess.
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with Thee?

John Ryland. 1777. a.

454

7, 6.

- 1 In holy contemplation
We sweetly now pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 2 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.
- 3 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. 1779. a.

455

L. M. 6 l.

Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.

- 1 MY God, I leave to Thee my ways;
I hope in Thee whate'er betide,
To find Thee in the evil days
My all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging Love
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

- 2 What can our anxious cares avail,
Our never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Help me my restless heart to still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er Thy gracious Will,
Thy all-discerning Love, hath sent ;
Nor doubt my inmost wants are known
To Him who chose me for His own.
- 4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
And send'st them as Thou seest it meet :
When I have borne the fiery test,
And am made free from all deceit,
Thou comest to me all unaware,
And makest me own Thy loving care.
- 5 Help me to swerve not from Thy ways,
But do my own part faithfully,
And trust Thy promises of grace,
That they may be fulfilled in me.
Thou never wilt forsake at need
The soul that trusts in Thee indeed.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. George Neumarch. 1653.

456

S. M.

- 1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine !
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my stormy breast ;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

- 3 He knows whate'er I want;
 He sees my helplessness,
 And always readier is to grant
 Than I to ask His grace.
- 4 My feeble heart He reads,
 Secures my soul from harms,
 And underneath His mercy spreads
 Its everlasting arms.
- 5 Here is firm footing; here,
 My soul, is solid rock,
 To break the waves of grief and fear,
 And trouble's rudest shock:
- 6 This only can sustain
 When earth and heaven remove:
 O turn thee to thy Rest again,
 Thy God's eternal Love!

C. Wesley. 1749.

457 *Befiehl du deine Wege.* **S. M.**

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure Truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands:
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To Him commend thy cause; His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

TRUST IN GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

3 Thy everlasting Truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless Love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou wilt,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,
Thy Power to being brings.

4 Thou every where hast way,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

John Weasley. 1739.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

458

Continued.

S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait Thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy Love and guardian care!

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

459

C. P. M.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

2 Complete Atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed:
Nor can His wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in Thy Righteousness,
And sprinkled with Thy Blood.

3 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Have bought thy liberty:
Trust in His efficacious Blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

460

Jesu, Deine tiefen Wunden.

78.

1 LORD, Thy Death and Passion give
 Strength and comfort at my need.
 Every hour while here I live
 On Thy Love my soul shall feed.
 Thon didst once for me endure,
 And I fly all thoughts impure;
 Thinking on Thy bitter pains,
 Hushed in prayer my heart remains.

2 Yes, Thy Cross hath power to heal
 All the wounds of sin and strife.
 Lost in Thee, my heart doth feel
 Sudden warmth and nobler life.
 In my saddest, darkest grief,
 Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
 Thou who camest but to save,
 Thou who fearest not the grave!

3 Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
 Thou art my Defence and Tower;
 Death Thou treadest in the dust,
 O'er my soul he hath no power.
 That I may have part in Thee,
 Help and save and comfort me;
 Give me of Thy grace and might,
 Resurrection, life, and light!

4 Fount of good, within me dwell!
 For the peace Thy presence sheds
 Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
 Charms the pain from dying beds.
 Hide me safe within Thine arm,
 Where no foe can hurt or harm;
 Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
 He hath conquered, he is blest.

*Miss Winkworth. 1855.**Tr. John Heerman. 1644.*

461

6, 4.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer. 1830.

462

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Truth, my Way.
My sure unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright.

TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art :
O let me never leave Thy side,
Nor from Thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may still enlightened be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 I never will remove
Out of Thy hands my cause,
But rest in Thy redeeming Love,
And cling unto Thy Cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee : O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

463

S. M.

- 1 THOU seest my feebleness ;
Jesus, be Thou my Power,
My Help and Refuge in distress,
My Fortress and my Tower.
- 2 Give me to trust in Thee ;
Be Thou my sure abode :
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Savior and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend :
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Wilt love me to the end !

C. Wesley. 1749.

464

L. M.

- 1 My Hope, my All, my Savior Thou!
To Thee, O Lord, my soul I bow.
I seek the bliss Thy wounds impart,
I long to find Thee in my heart.
- 2 Be Thou my Strength, be Thou my Way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts let Wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near Thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Savior be:
And if I would from Thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to Thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from Thy Throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

Unknown. 1802. a.

465

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name!
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Savior saith,
Whose word can never fail!

TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland. 1777.

466 *Ach Gott, verlasz mich nicht.* **6, 7.**

1 FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what:
O lead her to Thyself;
My God, forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not, my God!
Take not Thy Spirit from me,
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me!
My God, forsake me not!

3 Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of life and power!
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour:
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not Thou far from me:
My God, forsake me not!

- 4 Forsake me not, my God !
 Uphold me in my going,
 That evermore I may
 Please Thee in all well-doing ;
 And that Thy will, O Lord,
 May never be forgot
 In all my works and ways :
 My God, forsake me not !
- 5 Forsake me not, my God !
 I would be Thine forever :
 Confirm me mightily
 In every right endeavor :
 And when my hour is come,
 Cleansed from all stain and spot
 Of sin, receive my soul :
 My God, forsake me not !

Unknown. 1860.

Tr. Solomon Franck. d. 1725.

467 *Trauernd und mit bangem Sehnen.* **7s.**

- 1 TRUEST Friend, who canst not fail,
 Evermore abide with me :
 When the world would most assail,
 Then Thy presence let me see.
 When its heaviest thunders roll,
 Shelter Thou my trembling soul !
 Come, and in my spirit rest ;
 Help me do what seems Thee best.
- 2 When life's day hath fled by,
 When the night of death is near,
 When in vain the darkened eye
 Seeks some stay, some helper here :
 Then Thy followers' prayer fulfil,
 Then abide Thou with us still :
 Till Thou give us heavenly rest,
 Stay, O stay, Thou noble Guest !

Miss Winkworth. 1858. *a.*

Tr. John Neunherz. ab. 1720.

468 *O treuer Heiland Jesu Christ.* **C. M.**

- 1 We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Savior kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 3 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 4 Ah, leave us not! from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 5 Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,
Or separate from Thee,
That, Lord, remove, however dear
To our poor hearts it be!
- 6 When flesh declines, then strengthen Thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light Thy yoke of love.
- 7 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

H. L. L. 1853. a.

Tr. Charles John Spitta. ab. 1825.

469 **S. M.**

- 1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear. 333

- 2 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.
- 3 Assisted by His grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory too!

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1826.

And Benjamin Beddome. d. 1799.

470

2

S. M.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty Love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all His faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

471

I. M. 6 l.

- 1 AND art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
And there forever dwell with Thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in Thy glorious Name.
- 2 What transport, Lord, shall fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name shalt own!
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its Rest in Thee.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

472

8, 7.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy Love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me.
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is Thine;
 What a Savior died to win Thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

473

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His Name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain !
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

Benjamin Francis. 1787.

From Joseph Grigg. d. 1768.

474

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 REDEEMER, whither should I flee,
Or how escape the wrath to come?
The weary sinner flies to Thee
For shelter from impending doom:
Smile on me, gracious Lord, and show
Thyself the Friend of sinners now !
- 2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Cross
My heavy-laden soul finds rest:
Let me esteem the world as dross,
So I may be of Thee possess !
I borrow every joy of Thee,
For Thou art Life and Light to me.
- 3 Close to my Savior's bloody Tree
My soul, untired, shall ever cleave ;
Despised and crucified with Thee,
With Christ resolved to die and live :
My prayer, my grand ambition this,
Living and dying, to be His.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1759.

475

Jesu, geh voran.

5, 8.

- 1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won !
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland !

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

H. L. L. 1853. a.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1721.

476 *Meinem Jesum lass' ich nicht. S, 7, S.*

1 I WILL leave my Jesus never!
On the Cross for me He died;
Love shall draw me to Him ever,
At His feet I will abide.
Of my life the Light forever,
I will leave my Jesus never.

2 In His Name I stand acquitted
While upon the earth I stay:
What I have to Him committed
He will keep until that day.
Be His service my endeavor;
I will leave my Jesus never!

- 3 Dwelling in His presence holy,
I at length shall reach the place
Where with all the saints in glory
I shall see His lovely face;
Nothing then but bliss forever:
I will leave my Jesus never!
- 4 Not the earth with all its treasure
Could content this soul of mine;
Not alone for heavenly pleasure
Doth my thirsty spirit pine;
For its Savior yearning ever:
I will leave my Jesus never!
- 5 From that living Fountain drinking,
Walking always at His side,
Christ shall lead me without sinking
Through the river's rushing tide,
With the blest to sing forever;
I will leave my Jesus never!

Unknown. 1864.

Tr. Christian Keymann. 1656.

477 *Folget mir, ruft uns das Leben.* **78.**

- 1 SAVIOR, meet it is indeed
We should all Thy bidding heed:
Help us, make us strong and bold,
Firm and fast Thy grace to hold.
Moved by wondrous love divine,
For our life Thou gavest Thine;
And Thy precious outpoured Blood
Won for us the highest good.
- 2 Draw me up, my God, from hence;
Raise me high o'er earth and sense,
That I lose not Thee from sight,
Nor in life nor death, my Light!
In my soul's most deep recess
Let me cherish holiness;
Not for show or human praise,
But for Thy sake, all my days.

- 3 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire;
 So my course to run, nor tire,
 That my practised soul may prove
 All Thy meekness, all Thy love.
 Grant me here to trust Thy grace,
 There with joy to see Thy face.
 This in time my portion be,
 That through all eternity.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. John Rist. 1644.

478

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light!
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee:
 O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
 Nail my affections to the Cross!
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Savior, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I'd follow Thee;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

John Wesley. 1739.

From the German.

THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

479

L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Savior divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

480

John iv. 10, 14.

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 JESUS, the Gift divine I know;
The Gift divine I ask of Thee;
The living Water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me.
Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art:
O let me find Thee in my heart!
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness!
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace;
In joy, which none can take away,
In life, which shall forever stay.

C. Wesley. 1762.

481

8, 7.

- 1 WELL for him who all things losing,
Even himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught!
- 2 Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!
- 3 O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him forever,
In whom all our fulness lies!
- 4 O that ne'er our eyes might wander
From our God: so might we cease
Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
And our conscience be at peace!
- 5 Thou who wearily hast sought us,
Help us fully Thee to find!
Thou who with Thy Blood hast bought us,
To Thy Cross our spirits bind!
- 6 Thou Abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by Thy Cross to Thee,
That our senses, soul and spirit,
Ever one with Christ may be!

*Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.
From the German.*

482

L. M.

Nach Dir, O Gott, verlanget mich.

- 1 O God, I long Thy light to see!
My God, I hourly think on Thee:
O draw me up, nor hide Thy face,
But help me from Thy holy place.

- 2 Ah, how shall I my freedom win?
How break this heavy yoke of sin?
My fainting spirit thirsts for Thee;
Come, Lord, to help and set me free!
- 3 My heart is set to do Thy will,
But all my deeds are faulty still;
My best attempts are nothing worth,
But soiled with cleaving taint of earth.
- 4 Remember that I am Thy child;
Forgive whate'er my soul defiled:
Blot out my sins, that I may rise
Freely to Thee beyond the skies.
- 5 Fain would my heart henceforward be
Fixed, O my God, alone on Thee;
That heart and soul, by Thee possest,
May find in Thee their perfect rest.
- 6 O take away whate'er has stood
Between me and the highest Good;
I ask no better boon than this,
To find in God my only bliss.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick. 1667.

483

L. M.

- 1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are travelling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chain, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His Love,
Is thè full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons. 1762. a.

484

7, 6, 7.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave. 1748. a.

485 *Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden.* **7, 6.**

- 1 A PILGRIM and a stranger,
 I journey here below:
 Far distant is my country,
 The home to which I go.
 Here I must toil and travail,
 Oft weary and opprest,
 But there my God shall lead me
 To everlasting rest.
- 2 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
 'Tis there I long to be;
 Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
 To blessedness with Thee!
 Come, bid my toils be ended,
 Let all my wanderings cease;
 Call from the wayside lodging
 To the sweet home of peace!
- 3 There I shall dwell forever,
 No more a stranger guest,
 With all Thy blood-bought children,
 In everlasting rest:
 The pilgrim toils forgotten,
 The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
 All earthly griefs behind us,
 Eternal joys before!

H. L. L. 1862.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1667.

486 *Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.* **7, 8, 7.**

- 1 HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Through this wilderness of dangers:
 Here we but as pilgrims rove,
 For our home is there above.

- 2 Heavenward still, my soul, ascend!
 Thou art one of heaven's creations;
 Earth can ne'er give aim or end
 Fit to fill thy aspirations;
 And a heaven-enlightened mind
 Ever turns, its Source to find.
- 3 Heavenward still! God calls to me,
 In His Word so loudly speaking;
 Glimpses in that Word I see
 Of the home I'm ever seeking;
 And while that my steps defends,
 Still to heaven my track ascends.
- 4 Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
 When He to His board invites me;
 Then my spirit upward flies,
 Such a ray from heaven lights me:
 When on earth this food has ceased,
 Comes the Lamb's own marriage-feast.
- 5 Heavenward still my spirit wends,
 That fair land by faith exploring;
 Heavenward still my heart ascends,
 Sun and moon and stars outsoaring:
 Their faint rays in vain would try
 With the light of heaven to vie.
- 6 Heavenward still, when life shall close,
 Death to my true home shall guide me:
 Then, triumphant o'er my woes,
 Lasting bliss shall God provide me.
 Christ Himself the way has led;
 Joyful in His steps I tread.
- 7 Still then heavenward! heavenward still!
 This shall be my watchword ever:
 Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,
 And from vain illusions sever.

THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
Till the gate of heaven I've won.

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck. 1731.

487

Trochaic 7, 6.

Ach, uns wird das Herz so leer.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For the Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing.

2 O to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying!

3 With this load of sin and care
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our Lord attending!

4 Ah, how blessed, blessed they
Who have rightly striven,
And rejoice eternally
With their Lord in heaven!

H. L. L. 1853.

Tr. Charles John Spitta. ab. 1828.

488

C. M.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 O for a heart that never sins!
 O for a soul washed white!
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher:
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 O by Thy Love and anguish, Lord,
 O by Thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander. 1853.

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

489

S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die. *C. Wesley. 1762.*

490

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Doddridge. 1755.

491

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone.
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting cycles run.
- 4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Watts. 1709.

492

L. M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the Cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Watts. 1709. a.

493

C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign :
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine. *Watts. 1709. a.*

494

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power :
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

- 6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

C. Wesley. 1749.

495

S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on Thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou receive thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode. — *Heath.*

496 *Mein Jesu, Dem die Seraphinen. L. M.*

- 1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call!
O raise me, heal me by Thy grace!
Now righteous through Thy wounds I am:
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
Alive in Thee, my living Head!
- 2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy Light from me away:
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray.

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

Let Thy Word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

- 3 Arm me with Thy whole armor, Lord!
Support my weakness with Thy might;
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Wolfgang Christopher Deszler. 1692.

497

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near.
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Doddridge. 1755.

WISDOM AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

498

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift:
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil day!
The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant way!

James Montgomery. 1825.

499

C. P. M.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude!
Knowledge divine may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!

And let me through Thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

500

PSALM 119.

L. M.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, Thy way;
That, to my life's remotest day,
By Thine unerring precepts led,
My feet Thy heavenly paths may tread.
- 2 Informed by Thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate Thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To Thee its full obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know Thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight;
That, raised above the world, my mind
In Thee its highest good may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity my eye;
To me Thy quickening strength supply;
And with Thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to Thy fear.

James Merrick. 1765. a.

501

L. M.

- 1 WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas, approved and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—my soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take.
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Ah, do His lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear!

Samuel Davies. 1769.

502

C. M.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
- 2 O does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O set me right,
If right, preserve me so!

Benjamin Beddome. d. 1799.

503

C. M.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts, before Thy face
I all my soul display,
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat Thy strict survey.
- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!
- 3 If in these fatal fetters bound
A wretched slave I lie:
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty!
- 4 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

356

Doddridge. 1755.

504

7s.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love Thee, Lord, or no?
Am I Thine, or am I not?
- 2 When I turn my eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself Thy child?
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art Thy people's Sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 4 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton. 1779. a.

SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

505

7s.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone :
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton. 1779.

506

7s.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to Thee?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in Thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only Thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below ;
 Only guided by Thy light,
 Only mighty in Thy might ?
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know,
 Let Him as He listeth blow :
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with Thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

C. Wesley. 1742.

507

PSALM 131.

7s.

- 1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Clothed with humility.

SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee:
Every evil let me flee:
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious Love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

From C. Wesley. 1760.

508

PSALM 131.

7s.

- 1 LORD, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be!
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed.
Thou hast spoken;—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.
- 3 Quiet as a weanéd child,
Weanéd from the mother's breast;
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful Word I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery. 1822.

BENEVOLENCE.

509

L. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were His works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue.
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

Thomas Gibbons. 1784.

510

C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crowell. 1843.

511

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

BENEVOLENCE.

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine :
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine ?
 - 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.
 - 4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
Our Savior's voice is heard.
 - 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.
- Doddridge. 1755. a.*

512

7s.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind !
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Grateful loving hearts, the spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind ;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

John Taylor. 1799. a.

513

S. M.

- 1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first fruits give.
- 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold !
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
The lost to God to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er we do for Thine, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How. 1860.

514

C. M.

- 1 How shall we show our love to Thee,
Thou loving God most high,
But loving this Thy family,
For which Thou deignedst to die ?
- 2 If Thou for me such Love didst bear,
Shall I not love again ?
For all are objects of Thy care ;
Thy Love doth all sustain.

BENEVOLENCE.

- 3 If we have love for Thee in heaven,
'Tis seen by love on earth :
Love only, love which God hath given,
Doth prove our heavenly birth.
- 4 For all we know of God above,
And of His saints below,
And all we know of heaven, is Love,
And all we need to know.
- 5 Love is of life the only sign,
Love is our vital breath ;
Love only shows the child divine,
Love only conquers death.
- 6 Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
Let love our sonship prove :
Our lives the fire celestial show,
Our thoughts and words be love.
- 7 O deign to send the love of Thee
From highest heaven above ;
For then our life Thy praise shall be,
When all our life is love.
- 8 With praise to Thee our strains began
With love to Thee shall end ;
The love of Thee, and love of man,
From heaven O deign to send !

Isaac Williams. 1842. a.

THE CROSS AND COMFORT.

515

C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

- 2 The hand that now withhold's my joys
: Can reinstate my peace;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my Guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my God!

Nathaniel Cotton. 1791.

516

L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call!
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
 I have an Advocate with Thee ;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
- William Cowper. 1779.*

517

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 4 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer :
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there !

Anne Steele. 1760.

518

PSALM 86.

L. M.

- 1 O HEAR me, Lord, for I am poor,
 And seek salvation at Thy door ;
 Bow down Thy gentle ear to me,
 Who am opprest with misery.
- 2 Let mercy come from God on high,
 The object of my daily cry ;
 I daily knock, I daily wait,
 For mercy's alms, at mercy's gate.

- 3 God of all comfort, give a dole
Of comfort to Thy servant's soul :
For this my soul doth bend her knee,
And stretch her craving hands to Thee.
- 4 Thou, Lord, art good, and Thou dost stand
With sealéd pardons in Thy hand ;
O how the dews of mercy fall,
And answer at Thy people's call !
- 5 Lord, guide me in Thy secret way ;
With such a Guide I shall not stray :
Bring me into a heavenly frame,
Unite my heart to fear Thy Name.
- 6 O King of Nations, Lord of all,
Before Thee shall all nations fall ;
And every language shall confess
Thy glorious everlastingness !

John Mason. 1683. a.

519

11, 10.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure !
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

From Thomas Moore. 1824.

520

C. H. M.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
- 3 Then blessed be the Hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes:
Blesséd be He who smites to save,
Who heals the Heart He breaks.
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

521

S. M.

- 1 In weariness and pain,
By sins and fears opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's eternal Rest:
- 2 The Lamb that died for me,
And still my load doth bear;
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.
- 3 Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love like Thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
Thy life hath ransomed mine.

- 4 O may I rise with Thee,
 . And soar to things above,
 And spend a blest eternity
 In praise of dying Love.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

522

S. M.

- 1 Thou very present Aid
 In suffering and distress;
 The soul which still on Thee is stayed
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
 On his Redeemer's breast,
 Midst raging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er Thy face appears;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;
 It sweetly comforts me;
 Makes me forget my every loss,
 And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Peace to the troubled heart,
 Health to the sin-sick mind;
 The wounded spirit's Balm Thou art,
 The Healer of mankind.
- 6 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill;
 In vain created streams are dry,
 I have the Fountain still.
- 7 Stript of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One;
 And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And heaven, in Christ alone.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

523

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the weary wanderer's Rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
 - 2 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
 - 3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
 - 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
 - 5 Oh death, where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?
- C. Wesley. 1739.*

524

S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside, at His control:
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee!
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1772.

525 *Wenn mich die Sünden kränken. S. M.*

- 1 WHEN sorrow and remorse
 Prey at my heart, to Thee
 I look, who on the holy Cross
 Wast slain for wretched me.
- 2 Thy Passion, Lord, inspires
 My spirit day by day,
 That I from all low dark desires
 Have strength to flee away.
- 3 Whate'er the burden be,
 The cross upon me laid,
 Or want or shame, I look to Thee:
 Be Thou, O Christ, my Aid.
- 4 And let Thy sorrows cheer
 My soul when I depart:
 Give strength to cast away all fear,
 Console, sustain my heart.

- 5 Since Thou hast died for me,
 Help me to trust Thy grace,
 That Thou wilt take me up to Thee,
 Where I shall see Thy face.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Justus Gesenius. 1640.

526

C. M.

- 1 THOU art my Hiding-place, O Lord!
 In Thee I fix my trust,
 Encouraged by Thy holy Word,
 A feeble child of dust.
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea;
 And 'tis enough the Savior died,
 The Savior died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptations beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil.
 From strife of tongues and bitter words
 My spirit flies to Thee:
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Savior died for me.
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body racked with pain:
 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee,
 But this, the witness in my breast
 That Jesus died for me?
- 4 And when Thy awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last lingering sands,
 Is ebbing fast away,

Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Savior died for me."

Thomas Raffles. 1843.

527

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When groaning on my burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me!
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good, remember me!
- 4 Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me!
- 6 And when before Thy throne I stand
And lift my soul to Thee:
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis. 1792. a.

528

C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high:

IN GENERAL NEED.

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought Rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my three-score years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there ;
They all are clothed in robes of white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day. *C. Wesley. 1759. a.*

529

C. M.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live :
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

THE CROSS AND COMFORT.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that Life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter. 1681. a.

NATIONAL.

530

6, 4.

- 1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

J. S. Dwight. 1844.

531

H. M.

1 Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below
Boundless in power and love.

Our thanks we bring	Our hearts we raise
In joy and praise,	To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy Love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.

For this fair land,	Our thanks we pay,—
For this bright day,	Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy Word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!

May every tongue	And join to raise
Be tuned to praise,	A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone.

Cast down thy pride,	And bow before
Thy sin deplore,	The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band,

A countless throng,	To heaven's high King
Ever to sing	Salvation's song.

Francis Scott Key. 1832.

532

Fast-Day.

8, 7.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise!
- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' Blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that Love veil our transgression,
Let that Blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

*Thomas Cotterill. 1827.*533 *Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein. L. M.*

- 1 WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought:
- 2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee,
For rescue from our misery:
- 3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose Name alone is great,
Our Savior and our Advocate.

- 5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not for our sins Thy face;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a.

Tr. Paul Eber. 1547.

534

PSALM 20.

L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The Name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from His sanctuary sends
Succor and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 In His salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 4 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 5 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

Watts. 1719.

535

S. M.

- 1 LET God, the mighty God,
 The Lord of hosts, arise,
 With terror clad, with strength endued,
 And rend and bow the skies !
 Called down by faithful prayer,
 Savior, appear below,
 Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
 And quell Thy people's foe.
- 2 Our Refuge in distress,
 In danger's darkest hour,
 Appear as in the ancient days,
 With full redeeming power :
 That Thy redeemed may sing
 In glad triumphant strains,
 The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
 The Lord forever reigns !
- 3 We with our ears have heard,
 Our fathers us have told
 The work that in their days appeared,
 And in the times of old :
 With such deliverance bless
 Whom Thou hast chose for Thine,
 That men and nations may confess
 The work is all divine !

C. Wesley. 1759.

536

Continued.

S. M.

- 1 God of unbounded Power,
 God of unwearied Love,
 Be present in our dangerous hour,
 Our danger to remove :
 Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,
 Thy wonted aid we claim ;
 Not trusting in our bow or sword,
 But in Thy saving Name !

WAR AND PEACE.

- 2 Our lives are hid with Thine,
 Our hairs are numbered all,
 Nor can without the Will divine
 One worthless sparrow fall.
 And shall a nation bleed,
 And shall a kingdom fail,
 While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
 O'er heaven and earth and hell?
- 3 Beneath Thy wings secure,
 In patience we possess
 Our souls, and quietly endure
 Whate'er our God decrees.
 Teach us to understand
 The thunder of Thy power,
 And thus, O Lord, to see Thy Hand,
 Thy Truth and Love adore.
- 4 Escaped the hostile sword,
 O may we fly to Thee,
 And find in our redeeming Lord
 Our life and liberty.
 Our Strength and Righteousness,
 O let us hold Thee fast,
 With confidence divine, and peace
 That shall forever last.

C. Wesley. 1759. a.

H A R V E S T.

37

7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the Love that crowns our days!
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

HARVEST.

3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores :

4 These to Thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1795.

538

L. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Hand that freely gives
The fruits of earth, our toil to bless !
O Love, by which the sinner lives !
O let our tongues that Love confess !
- 2 Our God for all our need provides,
His sun alike o'er all doth shine ;
From none his glorious beams he hides ;
So willeth Love supreme, divine.
- 3 Again this Love our garners fills ;
This Love again let all adore :
The cry of want His bounty stills,
Who biddeth all His Name implore.
- 4 O may our lives through grace abound
In holy fruits, and Thee proclaim !
Let all Thy courts with praises sound
Thy gracious hand, Thy wondrous Name.
- 5 Lord, when Thou shalt descend from heaven,
Thy ransomed harvest here to reap :
O in that day Thy joy be given
To us, who now go forth to weep.
- 6 May none reject affliction's hour,
May none disdain in tears to sow :
For so, by Jesus' grace and power,
Shall heaven's joy succeed earth's woe.

Unknown. 1848. a.

39 *Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.* 7s.

- 1 WHAT our Father does is well :
Blesséd truth His children tell !
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His Love,
Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our Father does is well :
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally ?
- 3 What our Father does is well :
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies.
He has called us sons of God ;
Can we murmur at His rod ?
- 4 What our Father does is well :
May the thought within us dwell.
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise :
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

Unknown. 1861.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolck. 1720.

THE FAMILY.

540

Marriage.

7,0

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:
- 5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,
- 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

John Keble. 1857.

541

S. M.

- 1 How welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 When He who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love,
 Come Thou again to-day;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 O bless, as once of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holy stream that flowed
 Forth from Thy piercéd side.
- 5 Before Thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore;
 As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

Unknown. 1861.

542

C. M.

- 1 THrice happy souls, who, born of heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Humbly begin their days with God,
 And spend them in His fear.
- 2 Midst hourly cares may love present
 Its incense to Thy throne;
 And while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be Thine alone!
- 3 When to laborious duties called,
 Or by temptations tried,
 We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
 And in Thy strength confide.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 4 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with Thee.
- 5 At night we lean our weary heads
On Thy paternal breast,
And safely folded in Thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 6 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be passed;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

MORNING OR EVENING.

543

L. M. 61.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Savior, in Thy Name:
My conscience sprinkle with Thy Blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest:
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant. 1832.

544

7s.

- 1 TEACH us, Lord, Thy Name to know;
Teach us, Lord, Thy Name to love;
May we do Thy will below
As Thy will is done above.
- 2 When we go to rest at night,
O'er us watch and near us stay;
And when morning brings the light,
May we wake to praise and pray.

Unknown. 1845.

545

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS God! to Thee we pray:
Give us grace to pray aright;
Guide and bless us every day,
And defend us every night.
- 2 Let Thy mercy, while we live,
Every needful want supply;
And Thy blissful presence give,
To support us when we die.

Unknown. 1845.

MORNING.

546

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake and lift up Thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken. 1700.

547 *Jam Lucis orto Sidere.* **C. M.**

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide our souls this day.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleagured by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

- 4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend :
 That we begin it at Thy word,
 And in Thy favor end.

*Unknown. 1847. a.
 Tr. Ambrose. d. 397.*

548

S. M.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,
 O Day-Star from on high !
 The sun itself is but Thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let Thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse ;
 The mists of error and of vice
 Which shade the universe.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !
 How dark and sad before !
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day ;
 May Jesus' Blood, like evening dew,
 Wash all our stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.

Unknown. 1748. a.

549

C. M.

- 1 LORD, for the mercies of this night
 My humble thanks I pay,
 And unto Thee I dedicate
 The first fruits of the day.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
And so let all my days:
And O, let my eternal day
Be Thy eternal praise!

John Mason. 1683.

EVENING.

550

7s.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee!
- 2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George Washington Doane. 1826.

551

10s.

- 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fade, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwellest with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 8 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

552

Lucis Creator optime.

78.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause Thy light to shine;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day;
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our dear-bought treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.
- 5 Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to Thee
Now and for eternity.

John Chandler. 1837. a.

Tr. Gregory. ab. 600.

C. M.

553

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let incense flames arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love, awake, our joy,
Awake, our hearts and tongue :
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more !

John Mason. 1683. a.

554

- 1 THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
 I pray Thee now, that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night !
- 2 The toils of day are over :
 I lift my heart to Thee :
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming night !
- 3 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all !

John Mason Neale. 1862. a.
Tr. Anatolius. ab. 450.

555 *Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein. L. M.*

- 1 Now that the sun's last beam of light
 Is gone, the world is wrapt in night ;
 Christ ! light us with Thy heavenly ray,
 Nor let our feet in darkness stray.
- 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
 Hast kept all grief and harm away ;
 That angels tarried round about
 Our coming in and going out.
- 3 Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
 Let not the charge on us be laid ;
 That through Thy free forgiveness blest,
 In peaceful slumber we may rest.

Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase;
But soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep.

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a.
Tr. Nicholas Hermann. d. 1561.

556

L. M.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken. 1700.

557

8s.

- 1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

558

8, 7, 7.

- 1 THROUGH the day Thy Love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

CHILDREN.

559

6, 4.

- 1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To join Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
O all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace,
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
- 3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.
- 4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

*Unknown. 1855. a.**From Clement of Alexandria. ab. 200.*

560

Palm Sunday.

7, 6.

- 1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

J— King. 1830.

561

7s.

- 1 JESUS, when a little Child,
Taught us what we ought to be;
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Savior's infancy:
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of His Son.

395

- 2 As in age and strength He grew,
 Heavenly wisdom filled His breast;
 Crowds attentive round Him drew,
 Wondering at their infant Guest;
 Gazed upon His lovely face,
 Saw Him full of truth and grace.
- 3 In His heavenly Father's house,
 Jesus spent His early days;
 There He paid His solemn vows,
 There proclaimed His Father's praise;
 Thus it was His lot to gain
 Favor both with God and man.
- 4 Father, guide our steps aright
 In the way that Jesus trod;
 May it be our great delight
 To obey Thy will, O God!
 Then to us shall soon be given
 Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

Unknown. 1845.

562

L. M.

- 1 O HOLY Lord, content to dwell
 In a poor home, a lowly Child,
 With meek obedience noting well
 Each bidding of Thy mother mild;
- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
 To walk in Thy pure upright way,
 To shun the paths of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
- 3 Let not this world's unhallowed glow
 The fresh baptismal seal efface,
 Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
 And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
 And gently in Thy bosom bear;
 Protect them still from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest forever there.

- 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favor both with God and man.

William Walsham How. 1860. a.

563

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;
2 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

Reginald Heber. 1827.

564

7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little Child.
2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.
3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am.
Make me, Savior, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.
4 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

C: Wesley. 1742.

565 *Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin.* 7s.

- 1 SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves us all.
- 2 Guided by His gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need.
When I thirst, my feet He brings
To the fresh and living springs.
- 3 Shall I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His:
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven;
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

Miss Winkworth. 1858.*Tr. Louise Henriette von Hayn.* 1778.

566 8, 7.

- 1 SAVIOR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

567

C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Savior,—Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

William Cowper. 1779.

568

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phæbe H. Brown. 1826.

569

C. M.

- 1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And cast each idol from its throne,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Savior's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

- 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 That I may love Thee more.

Doddridge. 1755. u.

570

6, 4.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams. 1848.

571

In Sickness.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His Love:
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that His Blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in His Righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose Love can never end;
 Sweet on His covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee !

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.

572

For the Aged.

C. P. M.

- 1 WITH years opprest, with sorrow worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray :
To Thee my withered hands arise,
To Thee I lift these failing eyes ;
O cast me not away !
- 2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer :
Thy Love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.
- 3 O Savior, has Thy grace declined ?
Can years affect the eternal Mind,
Or time its Love decay ?
A thousand ages in Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight,
Are gone like yesterday.
- 4 Then, even in age and grief, Thy Name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee :
O yet this bosom feels the fire ;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee !

- 5 Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness, tried so long;
 Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

573

PSALM 90

C.M.

- 1 OUR God, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come;
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal Home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
 "Return, ye sons of men;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
 Pleased with the morning light:
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 7 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Watts. 1719.

574

C. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Watts. 1709.

575

C. M.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay :
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be wrong.
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that formed us first.
Salvation to the almighty Name
That reared us from the dust!
- 5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore.
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

Watts. 1709. a.

576

S. M.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away!
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

- 3 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in 'Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away !

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

577

10s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1824.

578 *Gravi me terrore pulsas.*

8, 7.

- 1 O WHAT terror in thy forethought,
Ending scene of mortal life!
Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,
Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,
When the anxious heart depicteth
All the anguish of the strife!
- 2 Christ, unconquered King of glory!
Thou my wretched soul relieve
In that last extremest terror
Where the body she must leave:
Let the Accuser of the brethren
O'er me then no power receive!
- 3 Let the Prince of darkness vanish,
And Gehenna's legions fly!
Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,
To Thy country lead on high,
Where forever in fruition
I may see Thee eye to eye!

*John Mason Neale. 1851.**Tr. Peter Damian. d. 1072.*579 *L. M. 6 l.**Mein Gott, ich weiss wohl das ich sterbe.*

- 1 My God, I know that I must die:
My mortal life is passing hence;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence.
Then teach me by Thy heavenly grace
With joy and peace my death to face.
- 2 My God, I know not *when* I die;
What is the moment or the hour;
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower:
Then may Thy child preparèd be
Through time to meet eternity.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 3 My God, I know not *how* I die;
 For death has many ways to come,
 In dark mysterious agony,
 Or gently as a sleep to some.
 Just as Thou wilt, if but it be
 To bring me, blessed Lord, to Thee!
- 4 My God, I know not *where* I die,
 Where is my grave, beneath what strand;
 Yet from its gloom I do rely
 To be delivered by Thy hand.
 Content, I take what spot is mine,
 Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.
- 5 My gracious God, when I must die,
 O bear my happy soul above,
 With Christ, my Lord, eternally
 To share Thy glory and Thy Love:
 Then comes it right and well to me,
 When, where, and how my death shall be.

H. L. L. 1853. a.

Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. d. 1737.

580

L. M. 6 l.

Ich weiss es wird mein Ende kommen.

- 1 I know my end must surely come,
 But know not when, or where, or how.
 It may be I shall hear my doom
 To-night, to-morrow, nay, or now;
 Ere yet this present hour is fled,
 This living body may be dead.
- 2 Lord Jesus, let me daily die,
 And at the last Thy presence give;
 Then Death his utmost power may try,
 He can but make me truly live.
 Then welcome my last hour shall be,
 When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Solomon Franck. 1711.

Wer weisz wie nahe mir mein Ende.

- 1 Who knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away, and death comes on.
How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,
May death be here, and life be gone!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
- 2 Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on Christ her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears.
- 3 And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me.
- 4 O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought Rest my own.
- 5 From Him can naught my soul divide,
Nor life nor death can part us now:
I lay my hand upon His side,
And say, my Lord and God art Thou!
- 6 In holy Baptism long ago
I joined me to the living Vine.
Thou lovest me in Him, I know,
In Him Thou dost accept me Thine.
- 7 And I have eaten of His Flesh
And drunk his Blood; nor can I be
Forsaken now, nor doubt afresh,
I am in Him and He in me.
- 8 Then death may come or tarry yet;
I know in Christ I perish not.
He never will His own forget;
410 He gives me robes without a spot.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 9 And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

*Tr. Emilia Juliana, Countess of
Schwarzburg Rudolstadt. 1686.*

582

Iambic 8, 7.

Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist.

- 1 WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand,
Let me not be forsaken.
O Lord, my spirit I resign
Into Thy loving hands divine;
Tis safe within Thy keeping.
- 2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me:
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon Thy Death,
And there find consolation.
- 3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;
But hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
For where Thou art, there I shall be,
That I may ever live with Thee:
This is my joy in dying.
- 4 And so to Jesus Christ Ill go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,

Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To Heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar Alfred Bowring. 185-. a.

Tr. Nicholas Hermann. 1560.

583

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WHEN the last agony draws nigh,
My spirit sinks in bitter fear :
Courage ! I conquer though I die,
For Christ with death once wrestled here.
Thy strife, O Christ, with death's dark power
Upholds me in this fearful hour.
- 2 In faith I hide myself in Thee ;
I shall not perish in the strife ;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And death is swallowed up of Life.
Thy strife, O Christ, with death of yore
Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

From the German.

584

L. M. 6 l.

Herr Jesu Christ, wehr'r Mensch und Gott.

- 1 LORD Jesus Christ, true Man and God,
Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
And diedst at last upon the Tree,
To bring Thy Father's grace to me :
I pray Thee, through that bitter woe,
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.
- 2 When comes the hour of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,
When from my sight all fades away,
And when my tongue no more can say,
And when mine ears no more can hear,
And when my heart is racked with fear ;

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 3 When all my mind is darkened o'er,
And human help can do no more;
Then come, Lord Jesus! come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need;
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
And shorten then the pangs of death.
- 4 Joyful my Resurrection be,
Thou in the Judgment plead for me,
And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,
And give me Life, of Thy dear grace!
I trust Thee utterly, my Lord,
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word!
- 5 Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt;
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
That we depart; and let our faith
Be brave, and conquer even in death:
Firm resting on Thy sacred Word,
Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Paul Eber. 1557.

In near prospect of Death.

585 *Mein Gott, in Deine Hände.* **C. M.**

- 1 My God, to Thee I now commend
My soul; for Thou, O Lord,
Dost live and love me without end,
And wilt perform Thy word.
- 2 To whom else should I make my plea,
That heavenly life be mine?
All souls, my God, belong to Thee;
My soul is also Thine.
- 3 Thou gavest my spirit at my birth;
Take back what Thou hast given;
And with the Lord I served on earth
Grant me to live in heaven.

- 4 My soul is sprinkled with the Blood
Thy Son hath shed for us,
And in Thy sight is pure and good,
Adorned and radiant thus.
- 5 Thou my Deliverer wast of yore ;
From sin Thou madest me free :
Now, faithful God, do Thou once more
In death deliver me.
- 6 Thou livest and lovest without end,
And dost perform Thy word :
My parting soul I now commend
To Thee, my God and Lord !

Miss Winkworth. 1855.

Tr. Philip Frederic Hiller. 1765.

586 *O Herre Gott, ich ruf zu Dir. L. M. 6 l.*

- 1 O LORD my God, I cry to Thee !
In my distress Thou helpst me.
To Thee myself I all commend :
O swiftly now Thine angel send
To guide me home, and cheer my heart,
Since Thou dost call me to depart !
- 2 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
Once slain to take away our load !
Now let Thy Cross, Thine agony,
Avail to save and solace me :
Thy Death to open heaven, and there
Bid me the joy of angels share.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, at the end,
Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend !
When death and hell assail me sore,
Leave me, O leave me nevermore,
But bear me safely through the strife,
As Thou hast promised, into Life !

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Nicholas Selnecker. 1587.

BURIAL.

BURIAL.

587

C. M.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ever hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And still shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

Reginald Heber. 1827.

588

11s.

- 1 THINGS of the earth in the earth let us lay,
Ashes with ashes, the dust with the clay:
But lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love,
Lift up the soul to the regions above!

- 2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered the gate,
So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late.
Stand we on Christ: let us mark Him ascend,
Whose is the glory and life without end.
- 3 There with His own ones, the Giver of good,
Blessing them once more, a little while stood:
Nothing can part us, nor distance, nor foes,
For lo! He is with us, and who can oppose?
- 4 So, Lord, we commit this our brother to Thee,
Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is free:
We know that, through grace, when our life here
is done,
We live ever in Thee, and forever in one.
- 5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit, and Son,
Who Three art in person, in substance but One,
In Whom we have victory over the grave,
Who lovest Thy people to pardon and save.

*John Mason Neale. 1864. a.
From the Greek.*

589 *Ach, wie so sanft entschläfest du.* **C. M.**

- 1 At length released from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep!
How calm and peaceful thy repose,
While Christ thy soul doth keep!
- 2 In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.
- 3 Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine.
Thy toils and woes are finished:
A happy lot is thine.

BURIAL.

4 The Bridegroom will not long delay;
The Shepherd soon will come,
And take His cherished lamb away
To His eternal home.

5 Blest, who have Jesus' love esteemed
O'er every earthly thing;
For none of all His flock redeemed
Will Jesus fail to bring.

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a.

Tr. Gottfried Neumann. 1778.

590

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Mackay. 1835.

591

C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
There hopes unfading bloom.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Watts. 1709. a.

592

C. P. M.

- 1 IF death our friends and us divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrow chide,
Or frown our tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st us mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in Thee.

- 2 We feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears our mournful spirits up
Beneath their mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
We soon shall find our friend again
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatched away;
For us Thou wilt the summons send,
And give us back our parted friend,
In that eternal day.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

593

7s.

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die;
They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 3 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head had gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door.
- 4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

C. Wesley. 1742.

594

7s.

- 1 BLESSING, honor, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory!
- 2 True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.
- 3 Lo, the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load:
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!
- 4 Lo, the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 5 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of Life!

C. Wesley. 1742.

595

Death of a Child.

7s.

- 1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to His own:
Surely what He wills is best;
Happy in His will I rest.

BURIAL.

- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
 Let Him do as seems Him good!
 Be Thy holy Name adored;
 Take the gift awhile bestowed:
 Take the child no longer mine;
 Thine he is, forever Thine.

C. Wesley. 1749.

596 *Guter Hirt, Du hast gestillet. 7, 8, 7.*

- 1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping:
 Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it:
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Dost Thou now in joy receive it.
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving.
 Then the gain of death we'll prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. — Meinhold.

RESURRECTION.

597

S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying Love:
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Watts. 1709.

598

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie,
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White. 1806.

599

H. M.

1 My life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline:
 My Lord is Life; He'll raise
 My dust again, even mine.

Sweet truth to me!		And with these eyes
I shall arise,		My Savior see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day;
 I shall awake from sleep
 And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth to me!		And with these eyes
I shall arise,		My Savior see.

3 Then welcome, harmless grave!
 By thee to heaven I'll go:
 My Savior's Death shall save
 Me from the flames below.

Sweet truth to me!		And with these eyes
I shall arise,		My Savior see.

Samuel Crossman. 1664. a.

600

PSALM 17.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign :
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine !
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

Watts. 1719.

601

C. M.

- 1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore ;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain ;
His Love intense, His merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

RESURRECTION.

- 5 These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The Lord that died for me:
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to Thee!
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!
- Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.*

602

7s.

- 1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.
- 2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!"

James Montgomery. 1803. a.

J U D G M E N T .

603

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind !
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress, and mocked by pride ?
O God, is This the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come !

Reginald Heber. 1827.

604

S, 7.

- 1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train.
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,

JUDGMENT.

Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of His Passion
Still his dazzling Body bears:
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on these glorious scars!

- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Come, Lord Jesus!
Everlasting God, come down!

C. Wesley. 1758. a.

605

Iambic 8, 7.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds: the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;

The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.
Partly William Bengo Collyer. 1812.

606 **L. M.**

- 1 THAT Day of wrath, that dreadful Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful Day ?
2 Whensh, rivelling like a parched scroll;
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead :
3 Lord ! on that Day, that wrathful Day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott. 1805. a.

607 **C. M.**

- 1 THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord !
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.
2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound ?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

JUDGMENT.

- 3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In Thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to Thee!

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

608

L. M.

- 1 THAT fearful Day, that Day of dread,
When Thou shalt judge the quick and dead;
O God! I shudder to foresee
The awful things which then shall be!
- 2 When Thou shalt come, Thy angels round,
With legions, and with trumpet sound;
O Savior, grant me in the air
With all Thy saints to meet Thee there!
- 3 Weep, O my soul, ere that great Day,
When God shall shine in plain array;
O weep thy sin, that thou mayst be
In that severest judgment free!
- 4 O Christ, forgive, remit, protect,
And set Thy servant with the elect;
That I may hear the voice that calls
The righteous to Thy heavenly halls!
- 5 Sit not in judgment on each deed,
Nor each intent in strictness read;
Forgive, accept, and save me then,
O Thou who lovest the souls of men!

From John Mason Neale. 1862.

Tr. Theodore of the Studium. ab. 820.

609 *Dies Iræ, Dies illa. Trochaic Ss.*

- 1 DAY of wrath, that Day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!
- 9 Think, kind Jesus! my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

JUDGMENT.

- 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning!
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!
- 13 Thou the woman gavest remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition :
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing ;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !
- 15 With Thy favored sheep, O place me !
Nor amid the goats abase me :
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bows my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition ;
Succor Thou my lost condition !
- 18 Day of sorrows, Day of weeping,
When, in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping !
- 19 To the Rest Thou didst prepare me,
On Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear me !
Spare, O God, in mercy spare me !

William Joseph Irons. 1853. a.

Tr. Thomas de Celano. ab. 1250.

610

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Doddridge. 1755..

611

C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To call Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
So sinful and unfit to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 Blest Savior, grant it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my soul's sure Hiding-place,
In this my gracious day:
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall away!

- 3 Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 The riches of Thy grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. 1772. a.

612

C. M.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Savior's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows Thine only Son has died
 To make her pardon sure.

Joseph Addison. 1728.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread
 We all shall soon appear;
 • Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 Forever let the archangel's voice,
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come:
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we all be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest. *C. Wesley. 1749.*

614

*Iambic 8, 7.**Es ist gewiszlich an der Zeit.*

- 1 WHEN all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted!
Grant me a firm, unshaken faith;
For Thou, my Savior, by Thy death,
Hast purchased my salvation.
- 2 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor;
And on that awful day declare
That I am Thy Confessor.
Then bring me to that blessed place
Where I may see, with open face,
The glory of Thy kingdom.
- 3 O Jesus! shorten the delay,
And hasten Thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious Day
Produce a new creation;
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King!
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise forever. Amen.

John Christian Jacobi. 1722. a.
Tr. Benjamin Ringwaldt. 1581.

HEAVEN.

615

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Watts. 1709.

616

C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Samuel Stennett. 1787.

617

L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!
- 4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

618

8, 7, 7.

- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 O that hope, how bright, how glorious!
 'Tis His people's blest reward;
 In the Savior's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In His kingdom they shall rest,
 In His love be fully blest.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

619

S. M.

- 1 We know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay;
 We have a House above,
 Not made with mortal hands;
 And firm as our Redeemer's Love
 That heavenly fabric stands.
- 2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure;
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure.
 O may we enter there,
 To perfect heaven restored!
 O may we be caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord!
- 3 Absent, alas! from God,
 We in the body mourn,
 And pine to quit this mean abode,
 And languish to return.
 Jesus, regard our vows,
 And change our faith to sight;
 And clothe us with our nobler House
 Of everlasting light!
- 4 O let us put on Thee
 In perfect holiness,
 And rise prepared Thy face to see,
 Thy bright, unclouded face!

HEAVEN.

Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven !

C. Wesley. 1758. a.

620

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Savior stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown. 1801. a.

621

8, 7.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways :
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign :
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me.
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night :
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God your everlasting Light.

William Couper. 1779.

622

7s.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His Almighty Name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery. 1819. a.

623

6, 8, 4.

- 1 THE goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest:
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life forever grow,
 With mercy crowned.
- 2 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace;
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious, with His saints in light,
 Forever reigns.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

- 3 He keeps His own secure;
 He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless Bride;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.
- 4 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
 Through all their land:
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name.

Thomas Olivers. 1772.

624

Continued.

6, 8, 4.

- 1 THE God who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship Thee."
- 2 Before the Savior's face
 The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
 Forever new:
 He shows His prints of love;
 They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.

HEAVEN.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers. 1772.

325

S. M.

- 1 FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer Home.
- 3 My Father's House on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
- 5 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

- 7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And Life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. 1853.

626

Hic breve Vivitur.

7, 6

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The Life that knows no ending,
The tearless Life, is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
- 2 That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
- 3 Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright Day!
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

- 4 There glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
 Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath day.
 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face!

John Mason Neale. 1851.

Tr. Bernard de Morlaix. ab. 1150.

627

Continued.

7, 6.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of Thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 I know not, oh, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare:
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the saints.
- 3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy!

- 4 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast:
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white!

John Mason Neale. 1851.

Tr. Bernard de Morlaix. ab. 1150.

628

Continued.

7, 6

- 1 JERUSALEM the glorious,
 The glory of the elect!
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect:
 Even now by faith I see thee,
 Even here thy walls discern;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem the only,
 That look'st from heaven below,
 In thee is all my glory,
 In me is all my woe;
 And though my body may not,
 My spirit seeks thee fain,
 Till flesh and earth return me
 To earth and flesh again.
- 3 O land that seest no sorrow!
 O state that fear'st no strife!
 O princely land of glory!
 O realm and home of life!
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part:
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

John Mason Neale. 1851. a.

Tr. Bernard de Morlaix. ab. 1150.

DOXOLOGIES.

*Iambic.***1** **C. M.**

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

2 **S. M.**

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.

3 **L. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

4 **L. M.**

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5 **L. M. 6 l.**

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory in the highest given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven;
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

6.

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore;
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last,
 When time shall be no more.

7

H. M.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address;
 As heretofore, And shall be so
 It was, is now, For evermore.

8

7, 6.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Eternal One and Three,
 As was, and is forever,
 All praise and glory be.

9

6, 4.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given:
 Crown Him in every song;
 To Him our hearts belong:
 Let all His praise prolong
 On earth, in heaven.

—
Trochaic.

10

7s.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One!
 Glory, as of old, to Thee
 Now and evermore shall be.

11

7s.

PRAISE the Name of God most high;
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

12

8, 7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

13

8, 7.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
 Praise the Father's boundless Love;
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
 Priest and King, enthroned above;
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

14

8, 7.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

15

8, 7, 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Everlasting Three in One:
 Thee let heaven and earth adore,
 Now, henceforth, and evermore.

16

7, 6.

GLORY be to God most high,
 Glory to the Savior,
 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Now, henceforth, forever.

17

6, 5.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit,
 Endless One in Three,
 Now, henceforth, forever,
 Glory be to Thee.

Dactylic.

18

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be address,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship from earth and from heaven;
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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* indicates the hymn to be of *German* origin.

† indicates the hymn to be of *Latin* origin.

‡ indicates the hymn to be of *Greek* origin.

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